LE
BEAU MONDE
OR
Literary & Fashionable Magazine.

Vol. IV.

From ~~August to December 1808~~
July 1808 to January 1809.

LONDON.

3416149

Printed by & for J. B. Bell & J. Deampsey at the Office of the National Register 11 Catherine St Strand

R^t HON^BLE G. CANNING. M.P.

Published by J. B. Ball & J. De Camp 11 Catherine Court Strand July 1808

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Twenty-third Number.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

IN a country where the hereditary aristocracy possess such an ascendancy, that, if their talents and industry were in any degree adequate to their opportunities, they might secure a monopoly of offices and honours; it is pleasing to observe men of an inferior rank bursting through all the obstacles thrown in their way, and raising themselves from a propinquity to the lowest, to a level with the highest. Merit of some description must of necessity belong to the individual who is capable of achieving such an enterprise, although indeed the talents and services by which men rise are not always of such a nature as to call forth the approbation of the wise and good. The subject of these memoirs, unaided by any original fortune or connections, has been able to attain, at an early age, one of the highest offices in our Government; and we trust that a developement of the talents and connections by which he ascended to this elevation, will not prove uninteresting to any of our readers.

George Canning is the son of an Irish gentleman who quitted his native island with a view of prosecuting his fortune in the metropolis of England. His prospects, however, were obscured, and his circumstances embarrassed, by a matrimonial connection with a young woman who was possessed neither of rank or wealth. It is said that his parents were so enraged at this imprudent step, as to refuse him any further countenance or support, except a small annuity. The bar was the line which he chose to repair these evils of fortune, and to provide for his future maintainance. He published several tracts on legal and political subjects, but his devotions to the muses were the causes of his attaining some celebrity. Among other pieces, he was the author of the affecting verses, supposed to have been written by Lord William Russel to Lord William Cavendish, on the night preceding his execution. This poem procured him a very respectable station among the minor poets of his time.

Mr. Canning died in April, 1771, leaving his son George, then an infant, in a very unprovided condition. An uncle, however, a merchant in the city, had the liberality to undertake both the care and the expence of his education; and thus afforded him an opportunity of improving and calling forth his powers. In his eleventh year he was sent to Eton, where the vivacity and eagerness of his disposition, soon raised him to distinction among his cotemporaries.

He had scarcely attained his fifteenth year when he undertook, with some of his youthful associates, to amuse and instruct the world in a

series of periodical papers. *The Microcosm*, the name of this juvenile work, commenced on the 6th of November, 1786, and continued until July following, when, as the public were informed, the unexpected death of the editor Gregory Griffin, Esq. obliged the associates to desist from the undertaking; and in his last will and testament, the names of the authors, with their respective signatures, were disclosed. Ten of the numbers, with the signature B, are attributed to Canning; and it appears that, in truth, he was the editor of the whole.

From Eton, Mr. Canning was sent to Christ Church College, Oxford, where he passed through the usual routine of academical exercises with approbation; and in particular distinguished himself by the superiority of some Latin orations which he delivered. From Oxford he removed to the Inner Temple, where his father had previously studied, having pitched upon the bar as the most likely scene in which he could display his talents to advantage, and open to himself the career of future elevation.

But the bar presented a tedious and a laborious path to that political eminence at which Mr. Canning fondly aspired. He therefore diligently applied himself to cultivate the acquaintance of such men as possessed those advantages of influence and wealth, which might contribute to his more speedy elevation. He frequented the society of the young men of rank and fortune, with whom he had contracted friendship at Eton and Oxford; and by their means he readily obtained an intercourse with some of the most distinguished political characters of the age. It is said that Mr. Sheridan, to whom he had been particularly introduced, conceived great hopes of his future success in a political career; and looked upon him as a desirable accession to the party of the patriots, for Canning was at this time also a patriot, and a strenuous champion of popular liberty. An introduction to Mr. Pitt, however, opened far more advantageous prospects for the employment of his talents; and it is said that his former patron frankly advised him to follow a more propitious career than that in which he himself had embarked.

His connections now afforded him the means of obtaining the first great object of his ambition, and the entrance to all the rest, a seat in the House of Commons. In 1793 he was returned one of the members for Newport, in the Isle of Wight; Sir Richard Worsley, it is said, having been prevailed upon to retire, for the express purpose of making way for this promising orator. Mr. Sheridan still continued his friendship towards him; for, in one of his speeches, he took occasion to announce to the House the expectations which they might form from the talents of the young senator. Canning, however, had the prudence not to compromise his reputation before he had become properly acquainted with the forms and the language of Parliament; and in the first session after his elevation, he acted merely the part of an attentive hearer.

The occasion on which Mr. Canning delivered his maiden speech, was a debate concerning a subsidy to Sardinia, which took place on the 31st of January, 1794. At that period Great Britain and her allies, still anticipating the conquest of France, had resolved to hire, or to force all Europe into arms against that devoted power. The King of Sardinia was not unwilling to join a coalition from which he might eventually derive considerable territorial aggrandisement; but so impotent was he as an ally, that he was unable to maintain sufficient forces for the defence of his own territories. Great Britain, however, with her usual generosity on these occasions, stipulated to pay him two hundred thousand pounds a year for the support of an army of fifty thousand men, and also to restore to him all the dominions of which the French, in the preceding campaigns, had deprived him. Such an alliance appeared to the opposition, not only useless but extremely disadvantageous; and Mr. Fox, with his associates, strongly resisted the parliamentary sanction which was required to the measure. Mr. Canning rose to express his determined opposition to these mal-contents. He insisted that such alliances were indispensably necessary in the present situation of affairs; that it was requisite to arm every power whose alliance could be gained by money, or by any other means, against the common enemy of all established governments. He declared his conviction, that unless France were effectually resisted, Great Britain would soon become a similar scene of anarchy, irreligion, bloodshed, and horror. His desponding apprehensions seemed even to exceed those of the Minister himself. "Had it not been for the war," said he, "some Corresponding Revolutionary So-"ciety might at this moment have been sitting "on the benches of this House; or instead of "debating on a treaty of alliance, we might "have been debating on the means of raising a "forced loan, demanded by some proconsular "deputy from the French Convention."

While Canning thus exerted his eloquence in support of the Administration, he proved himself a partizan not less strenuous and efficient through the medium of the press. In conjunction with Messrs. Frere and Ellis, young gentlemen of similar sentiments and views, he commenced the Anti-Jacobin Newspaper, with the express intention of exposing the arts and lashing the writings of those who were then stigmatized with the name of *Democrats*.

The epigrams are said to have been chiefly furnished by Canning: several of them do credit to his pen; nor are we inclined to pay much attention to the insinuation of a modern satirist—that Gifford was obliged "to squeeze the lemon upon Canning's veal."

Few things had a more powerful effect in exciting a general detestation of Democrats, than this publication: nor were Canning and his associates suffered to remain long without their expected recompence. He was raised to an official situation, as one of the joint under Secretaries of State to Lord Grenville, who then presided over the Foreign Department. He was honoured with the particular attention of Mr. Pitt, and his vivacity and polished address frequently procured him the distinction of assisting at the official dinners of the Premier. He took every opportunity of expressing his devoted personal attachment to this great patron; a conduct peculiarly gratifying to a man whose qualities procured him more political, and fewer private friends, than have almost ever befallen even a person in his elevated situation. Canning entered into all his views and sentiments with the same ardour as if they had been originally his own; and did not desert him even in those peculiar turns of his policy where the Minister gave permission to all his humble friends to speak and vote as they pleased. Accordingly, upon the question for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, Canning harangued in the cause of humanity with the same fervour as Pitt; and with him had the misfortune to be uniformly left in a defeated minority.

There was one circumstance in which Canning did not yield even to his patron; the violence of his invectives against Bonaparte.—While the nation was agitated by apprehensions, and eager in the prosecution of a war on which its existence was supposed to depend; language of this description was heard not only with patience but with high approbation. As soon, however, as the public alarm had subsided, and peace began to be the wish both of the wise and the vulgar, unrestrained invectives against Bonaparte began to be reprobated as merely tending to exasperate our enemies against us, and as setting the restoration of tranquillity at a still greater and more hopeless distance. Canning, however, resolutely defended the conduct of himself and his colleagues in this particular, and endeavoured to throw the charge of a mean and cowardly policy on those who adopted a different system.

When he first came into office, Canning possessed no independent fortune, nor were the posts which he had held sufficiently lucrative to enable him to amass wealth. A small pension of two hundred pounds a-year was all that he now carried with him as a recompence for his public services. His own address, however, had secured him a far more adequate provision, by a marriage with a daughter of General Scott, a lady who inherited a very considerable fortune. The same alliance introduced him to extensive family connexions, for the eldest sister of his wife had been previously married to the Marquis of Titchfield, eldest son of the Duke of Portland, and the youngest to Viscount Downe. It is said that he also procured pensions for his mother, now known by the name of Mrs. Reddish, as well as for his two sisters; a precaution sufficiently well justified by precedent, although the subject of much invidious clamour to his enemies.

During the first year of Mr. Addington's administration, Canning maintained the same reserve and silence which was observed by Mr. Pitt. He soon, however, began to discover his impatience at the independent hold which the new ministry had obtained of the reins of government; and as he had not, like his patron, bound up his hands by profuse encomiums on Mr. Addington and his friends, he made no scruple to tax them openly with ignorance and incapacity. His attacks were not confined to the House of Commons: his literary talents were again called forth into the service of his party, and various happy burlesques and pointed epigrams, which at that time appeared in *The Oracle* newspaper, have been ascribed to his pen.

Mr. Pitt at length resumed his former station; and, contrary to the hopes of the nation, who expected to see the new ministry composed of the ablest men of all parties, he resolved to conduct affairs solely by the help of his young friends, without the aid either of Grenville or Fox. On this occasion, Canning obtained the office of Treasurer of the Navy, and was admitted into the Privy Council.

The death of Mr. Pitt opened the gates of

office to the united partizans of Fox and Grenville; and Canning was again left to distinguish himself in the ranks of opposition. At first he temporised with Lord Grenville, in the hopes that his Lordship might be disjointed from his new associates: but when that expectation proved to be vain, he attacked *All the Talents* with the whole force of his wit and declamation.

At length the sentiments of the King and his Cabinet were found to be opposed upon a question of importance; and the ministers quitted their places upon the same grounds with those on which Mr. Pitt had formerly resigned. The formation of a new cabinet was entrusted to the Duke of Portland; and Mr. Canning, who might well be considered as a great orator, and a great statesman among his new colleagues, was advanced to the dignity of a Cabinet Councillor, and to the office of Secretary for the Foreign Department. The praise or blame, which may be due to himself and his friends at present in power, has to be estimated from future events: but the arrangement of their attack on Copenhagen, has afforded a very favourable specimen of their vigour, as their conduct to America has of their moderation.

The private character of Mr. Canning is spoken of with much respect. He is allowed to be free from those vices which too often degrade men elevated by their station; his manners are said to be mild, and his habits domestic. As a public man, his hands are acknowledged *to be clean*; a sorry compliment to a great statesman, had not some instances of knavery been lately discovered where they could scarcely have been expected.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

(Continued from page 300.)

THE kingdom of the Franks, at the accession of CLOVIS, was still but circumscribed, and confined to the northern and eastern parts of Gaul, and the remainder of that extensive country was in possession of the Romans, together with the Burgundians and Visigoths; young, aspiring, and warlike, he resolved to reduce the whole of that fertile country under his dominion, and at the age of twenty seems to have formed a systematic plan of warfare. His first attempt was on that part possessed by the Romans, which at that time was under the government of Syagrius, son of Egidius already mentioned, and had Soissons for the seat of government; in aid of this enterprize he invited the kings of two independent tribes of the Franks, to unite their arms, and the junction was no sooner formed than he advanced to the capital of Syagrius, and offered him battle. The Roman chief having accepted the challenge an action took place, in which the Franks were victorious, and Syagrius flying from the field of battle took refuge at Toulouse, at the court of Alaric the chief of the Visigoths. Clovis immediately sent an embassy to Alaric, demanding his enemy, and threatening war in case of refusal; to this demand Alaric, forgetful of hospitality, yielded a mean compliance, and Syagrius was beheaded, the whole of his government, becoming the property of the conqueror. Elated by conquest Clovis pursued his success, and made rapid progress in the subjugation of the neighbouring states, but he was himself obliged to yield to the power of love, for we are told by Gregory of Touis, that having occasion to send an embassy to the king of the Burgundians, he heard of the extreme beauty of Clotilda, niece of Gundebald. The report of her charms both of body and mind, and of the elegance of her manners, which were evidently refined by Christianity, and formed a powerful contrast to those of the barbarians of the court of Clovis, made a great impression on the youthful monarch, and having demanded her in marriage, Gundebald afraid of disobliging him consented to the union, although Clovis already had a son (by a concubine), called Theodoric. The Burgundians had lately been converted to Christianity, and Clotilda was anxious to impress some sense of religion on her warlike spouse, but her attempts for some time were in vain; however some circumstances, to which the writers of that age give a miraculous turn, made a lasting impression on his savage heart. Shortly after the marriage, the Allemans from Germany crossed the Rhine and invaded a nation of Franks, called Ripuarii; King Sigebert immediately applied to Clovis for assistance, whose warlike disposition led him to seize

every opportunity of keeping his people engaged in the field, and the two kings, with their joint forces, marched to Tolbiacum, supposed to be the modern Zulpic, near Cologne. Here they brought the Allemans to action, which in its onset was bloody in the extreme, and continued a long time doubtful, until Sigebert receiving a severe wound in the leg, the Franks began to give way. At this instant Clovis, who was gallantly exposing his life, in all parts of the field, after invoking his own gods in vain, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and imploring the aid of Christ, of whom Clotilda had often spoken, (assuring him that *he* would always assist those who in distress put confidence in him), he promised to believe in him always, and to be baptised with his whole nation, if he would convince him of his divine power, by granting him the victory. Scarcely had he made his prayer, when the fate of the day was turned, and the Allemans giving way on all sides, their King being killed, left the field of battle to the conqueror, and shortly after, as the most of their chiefs had fallen, the poor remains of the Allemans in Gaul, submitted to Clovis. On his return from this successful war, the converted king informed Clotilda of his vow and of his consequent victory, when the pious queen, anxious to preserve the good impression on his mind, instantly sent to Remigius bishop of Rheims to inform him of the happy conversion, and to request his attendance at Soissons to instruct him in all the mysteries of the faith.

The good prelate was received by Clovis with every favour and mark of esteem, but the bishop having insisted on his dismissing all those gods whom he had worshipped, the king was afraid it might give offence to his people; they however cried out as with one voice, "We renounce the worship of the false gods, "and are ready to acknowledge that god whom "the bishop of Rheims preaches." Such indeed was the enthusiasm of this gallant prince and his people, that when Remigius after the ceremony of baptism, expatiated on the sufferings of our Saviour, Clovis exclaimed, "Had "I been there with my Franks, this should "not have happened"—In his contest with Alaric, in the year 507, he had nearly lost his life in the battle of Vougle, near Poictiers, for after having killed the Gothic king with his own hand, two of Alaric's guards attacked him and would have killed him, had it not been for the goodness of his breast-plate. After a warlike and successful reign of twenty-five years, in which he had made himself master of the greater part of Gaul, he died at Paris at the age of forty-five, leaving behind him Clotilda and three sons, besides his eldest Theodoric by a concubine. Clotilda retired to Touraine, intending to pass her life in retirement, and the kingdom of the Franks being divided into four parts—Metz fell to the share of Theodoric, Orleans to Clodomir, Soissons to Clotaire, whilst Childebert fixed his residence at Paris: thus forming four monarchies independent of each other, but mutually united by interest, similarity of language and manners, and by consanguinity.

For some years harmony prevailed amongst the brothers, but as the blandishments of peace were little to their taste, the three sons of Clotilda, instigated as it is said by their mother, made war upon the Burgundians, upon a claim of inheritance to their grandfather, who had been murdered by his brother Gundebald; in this contest Clodomer fell, and the ambition and avarice of Childebert and Clotaire, induced them to resolve on the destruction of his children in order to share his kingdom. To ensure their success in this design, they engaged Clotilda, to leave her retirement and carry the young victims to Paris, on pretence of their coronation; here they were seized by their uncles, who sent to the widow of Clodomir, a sword, and a pair of scissars, laconically intimating that unless they were shorn as monks, they had nothing but death to expect. The unhappy mother in despair replied that she would sooner see them dead, than robbed of their inheritance; this was sufficient for the savages, and Clotaire with his own hands put the eldest to death, the other fled to a convent calmly resigning a crown for the cowl.

Shortly after Theodoric died, leaving a natural son Theobalde who died without issue, thus leaving one-half of the kingdom to the two surviving brothers, who had quarrelled about the division of Clodomer's share; a battle was on the eve of taking place, but at the instant of attack there arose a violent storm, which, according to the superstition of the times, was considered as supernatural, and reconciled the brothers. The speedy death of Childebert, left CLOTAIRE, without a rival as sole king of the Franks, he however also died the year following, A. D. 562, exclaiming as he expired, "How great and powerful "is the King of Heaven, who can thus put to "death the greatest of earthly princes."

France was again divided by the succession of the four sons of Clotaire; Caribert claimed Paris, Orleans and Burgundy fell to Gontran,

Sigebert took Austrasia to his share, and Soissons was the patrimony of Chilperic.

After a series of years spent in contests of the most aggravated horrors, the death of all the brothers, left the monarchy of France to CLOTAIRE the Second, son of Chilperic the youngest, who with a degree of prudence and moderation highly honourable to his own character, and beneficial to his kingdom, endeavoured by justice and attention to the arts of peace, to efface and remedy the consequences of that barbarous anarchy which had so long prevailed. He first began to form a settled constitution for his kingdom, and assembled a council composed of the bishops and powerful chieftains, which was the commencement of the French Parliaments; he directed the measures of this council to the reform of abuses, particularly in preventing the sale of church dignities, which had been extended to a scandalous degree. He also established provincial Parliaments for the purpose of deliberation, but whose laws required his sanction to give them force, and by this means he preserved a degree of tranquillity favourable to the general improvement, though he thereby considerably weakened his own authority. During his own life he gave up Austrasia, and Neustria, to his eldest son Dagobert, but died shortly after, much regretted by the meanest of his subjects and respected by all.

DAGOBERT commenced his reign under most favourable auspices, but he destroyed the good impression by yielding to every species of debauchery, which soon brought on an increase of imposts of the most tyrannical kinds; these were followed by confiscations, usurpations of church lands, and every other species of oppression, which completely alienated the affections of his people. In some petty wars, he was successful, particularly against the Sclavonians, whom he conquered, and placed his son Sigebert upon the throne, little else remarkable happened till his death, when his kingdom was again divided, Sigebert being king of Austrasia, and Clovis the 2d, keeping Neustria and Burgundy. The regulations of Dagobert now led to a revolution in the power of the throne, leaving his successors little better than puppets in the hands of the mayors of the palace, until at length the sceptre passed from his line to a new dynasty. The jurisdiction of the mayors of the palace, had at first been restricted to that only, but from the encrease of their power and influence in the cabinet, and their exertions in the field, the office had become hereditary.

Previous to this, all dignities were only for life, but under the reign of Dagobert, Grimoald, mayor of Austrasia, had attained such power, that Sigebert, on his accession, was little more than a cypher, and even consented to adopt Pepin, the son of Grimoald, as his heir in the kingdom, in case he should have no issue of his own. To enumerate all the events of a few succeeding years, with the rapid changes of power, would be as disgusting from their crimes, as uncertain from the contradictory accounts of cotemporary historians. On the death of Sigebert, Grimoald placed his son upon the throne of Austrasia, but he was soon removed, and after several changes THIERRI, nephew of Sigebert, became sole king of France; he was, however, so completely under the influence of Ebroin, mayor of the palace, that he gave up every thing to his direction, and the tyranny of Ebroin became so insufferable, that the Austrasians determined to throw off the yoke of Thierri, and immediately after elected as their duke, Pepin of Herestal, nephew of Grimoald, formerly mayor of Austrasia. A number of the disaffected came from all parts of France to Austrasia, to claim the assistance of Pepin, who gladly seized the opportunity of making himself master of the kingdom, and to secure his power, he was careful to engage the clergy in his favour, trusting to their influence with the people. After a decisive battle Pepin became master of Paris, and of the person of the king, whom, however, he allowed nominally to reign, contenting himself with the less shewy title of *mayor of France*. By the wisdom and good arrangements of his government, a speedy change took place throughout all France, and having defeated the rebels in all parts, and obtained considerable victories in Germany, he was enabled to gloss over the odium of his usurpation, by acts of kindness and justice to his new subjects.

To ingratiate himself farther with the nation, Pepin restored the ancient usage of the general assemblies on the first of March, which had been nearly lost under the despotism of the preceding mayors; this assembly was called the "*Champ de Mars*," and to the privilege of a seat in it, he also restored the bishops and higher authorities of the Church.

On these occasions it was customary for him to exhibit the nominal king Thierri on his throne, but in other respects the unfortunate monarch was so forgotten or else despised that his death was scarcely noticed. There is no doubt, however, but that the people of France

still considered the right of regal succession as sacred, for we find that Pepin, in the plenitude of his power, dared not to assume it himself, but was content with the real power, under the nominal succession of Clovis, Childebert, and Dagobert the second, who followed Thierri.

Such excessive power, however, excited great jealousies, and some of the chiefs assassinated his son Grimoald, Duke of Burgundy, during a violent illness of Pepin, who, however, on his recovery took an ample revenge, and punished these chiefs with the most acute tortures; and having nominated his grandson, Theodebalde, as his successor, thereby in some measure rendering the supreme authority hereditary in his family, he died a few months after, thus closing an administration of twenty-seven years, during which he had rendered many services to France. The guardianship of Theodebalde was left to the widow of Pepin, who also exercised the authority of mayor, which induced some of the friends of Dagobert to endeavour to rescue him from petticoat government; for this purpose Charles Martel, the illegitimate son of Pepin, was thrown into prison, and the conspirators elected Rainfroi as mayor of the palace; part of their plan was also to recover Austrasia, and once more subject it to the regal power. In this, however, they were disappointed, as Martel escaped from his prison, and having arrived in Austrasia, was received by these people with the utmost affection and confidence as the heir of his father Pepin, thus setting aside his grandson, Theodebalde. Thierri died soon after this, leaving one son; but many of the French, thinking themselves sufficiently powerful to elect one of their own choice, gave the crown to Chilperic, a descendant of Childeric son of Clovis the Second.

The friends of the son of Thierri, with Rainfroi at their head, assembled an army, and marched to attack the partisans of Chilperic, with whom Martel and the Austrasians had made common cause; two attacks were made by Rainfroi, but being defeated in each he was obliged to retire into Acquitaine, and supplicate the assistance of the Gascons who had lately settled there, but here again he failed of success, as Martel gained a complete victory over the Gascons, and obliged all France to submit to Chilperic, whom he however governed in his capacity of Mayor of France. Mindful of his father's policy, Charles Martel was careful to preserve the martial genius of his people, and at the same time to prevent its being troublesome at home; for this purpose he engaged in frequent wars with Germany, where he propagated the Christian religion by force of arms. At this period the Saracens having conquered Spain, made an irruption into Gaul, and commenced with an attack on Eudes Duke of Acquitane, under the command of their Emir Abderahman; but Eudes flying to Martel for succour, the latter instantly resolved to march against them to prevent their overrunning the kingdom. A most bloody and decisive action took place near Poictiers, in which Charles was victorious, the Saracens losing upwards of three hundred thousand men, together with their general; fresh succours however came to them, and Martel again defeated them near Narbonne, gaining immortal honour to himself, and completely clearing France of these marauders. On a dispute between the Emperor of Constantinople Leo, and Pope Gregory the Third, the latter anxious to get rid of the temporal power of the Emperors, sent ambassadors to ask assistance from Martel, and offered to proclaim him as Consul of Rome; the offer was tempting and was accepted but a strange coincidence in the death of the Emperor, the Pope, and Martel himself, in the course of one year, put a stop for the present, to the influence of France at the Papal Court; at this period Chilperic the Second was the nominal prince, but the power was divided between Carloman and Pepin le Bref, the two sons of Martel.

Pepin le Bref possessed all the courage and talents of his father; and Carloman having retired into a monastery, he felt all that ambition which prompted to aspire to the title as well as to the power of a king. To accomplish this end, he conducted himself with the most consummate prudence, and felt confident of success, as he was not only revered by the nobility, and beloved by the people, but also a great favourite with the clergy, to whom he had returned great part of their church lands.

With so much in his favour, he saw nothing to restrain him but an appearance of injustice to the reigning prince; this obstacle, however, he soon removed by the keenest policy, for having engaged in his cause St. Boniface, Bishop of Mayence, he by his means prevailed on Pope Zachary to renew the plans of Pope Gregory in favour of his father, and when assured of his concurrence, he in the most formal manner sent the following *quere* to this dispenser of kingdoms—"If it was right that a "man, incapable of reigning, should retain "the quality of king, when the royal *authority*

"was exercised by another completely qualified for the office?" A decision in favour of the usurper was immediately issued by the conscientious pope, who said, "That the title "ought certainly to be given to him who had "the authority." In consequence of this *just* and *pious* decree, the unfortunate Childeric was placed in a monastery, together with his son; and thus ended, after a space of 270 years, the Merovingian race in France, although Pepin was still supposed to continue it, as the heralds stated him to be the heir of Blithud, daughter of Clotaire the Second.

To give additional solemnity to his assumption of the crown, Pepin thought it necessary to have recourse to *consecration*, a ceremony till then unknown, for it had been the custom simply to perform the inauguration of the monarch by raising him on a shield, to the view of his people; the new ceremony, however, was performed by *Saint* Boniface, Bishop of Mayence, and took place at Soissons. The frequent usurpations had begun to add much to the spiritual ascendency of the popes, as each new possessor was anxious to strengthen his claim by a kind of appeal to Heaven, in asking a blessing of the vicar-general of St. Peter; in compliance with this custom, therefore, Pepin applied to the pope for absolution, which was not only granted, but even a new consecration took place by the hands of the pope himself, in which he has been closely imitated, as well as in many other instances, by the present occupier of that throne. Astolphus, the Lombard king, in his war against the empire, had taken possession of the Exarchate of Ravenna, in Italy, a government which extended even over the temporality of Rome herself; but the pope, unwilling to submit to barbarian sway, resolved on a journey to Paris, in order to engage the new monarch in his cause. Pepin with joy received the infallible Stephen, and as one condition for his assistance, insisted on the pope's repeating his consecration; he then marched for Italy with a large army, and having defeated the Lombards, took possession of Ravenna, which, with all its territory and privileges, he bestowed upon his friend Stephen, thereby making a *temporal prince* of him whose boast was to be the *servant of servants*. The return of Pepin to Paris, was, however, but the signal for the renewal of hostilities; for Astulphus immediately laid siege to Rome; the pope (as he has been but too servilely imitated by his present successor) again addressed his friend Pepin, in a letter written by the *express desire* of St. Peter himself, who informed him that all the saints and angels in heaven were making great interest in favour of their good friend Stephen. It was impossible so good a Christian as Pepin could refuse his friends, he therefore marched a second time into Italy, and obliged Astulphus to restore Ravenna to the pope; but as a further security against the future hostility of Astulphus, he this time reserved the sovereignty to himself. The remainder of his life was dedicated to constant warfare, in which, he was always successful, particularly against the Saxons and Sclavonians, whom, together with the Duke of Bavaria, he obliged to pay a tribute; and having completely conquered the whole of the southern part of France, and restored the province of Aquitaine to the crown, he died full of honours at the age of fifty-eight. The French historians all speak highly in his favour, and say that his great merit had obliterated all remembrance of his being an usurper: they describe his government as being far removed from despotism, and relate that all matters of importance were communicated to the National Assembly, by whom the laws were made according to the ancient usage of the Franks. It may not be uninteresting to remark, that it was at the court of this Pepin, that the *renowned* adventures of Valentine and Orson took place, for which there is some foundation in the legends of these barbarous times.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON EPIC POETRY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

(Concluded from page 304.)

OBSERVATIONS ON HESIOD AND APOLLONIUS RHODIUS—SUMMARY.

AFTER a series of dissertations, which has lasted for so many months, it becomes high time for us to conclude our remarks on the epic poetry of the ancients. Perhaps we ought not to have omitted, in our dissertation on the Grecian epic poets, to notice the works of Hesiod and Apollonius Rhodius. In this supplementary disquisition we will say a few words of those writers, and then, if we do not mistake, we shall have given some analysis or general character of every epic writer of any eminence, who flourished among the Greeks or the Romans.

Historians and biographers have not agreed among themselves in what age the poet Hesiod was born. Quintillian, Philostratus, and others, maintain that he lived before the age of Homer: Valerius, Paterculus, and others, place him a hundred years later than the author of the *Iliad*; while Varro and Plutarch declare that Homer and Hesiod were cotemporaries. M. de la Harpe, the author of the French *Cours de Littérature*, to which we have been obliged for much valuable matter in the course of these essays, goes the length of declaring, that Hesiod certainly knew Homer's works, for Hesiod has whole lines which are borrowed from Homer. But we might just as well argue on the other hand, that Homer lived after Hesiod, and knew his works, because there are whole lines in Homer that are to be found in Hesiod too. Varro and Plutarch not only say that Hesiod lived in the age of Homer, but declare that he obtained a poetical prize in a contest with the King of Epic Poets.

Hesiod was born at Asera, in Bœotia: his father's name was Dius, and his mother's Pycimede. Antiquity has transmitted to us but two of his entire poems, which are both of them short: the one entitled *The Labours and the Days*; the other, *The Theogony; or, the Birth of the Gods.* The former contains agricultural precepts, and gave to Virgil (as Virgil indeed acknowledges) the idea of those celebrated poems, *The Georgics.* There is besides these a fragment, called *The Shield of Hercules*, which is but the relic of a longer poem, in which he is supposed to have given an account of the most celebrated heroes of the Greeks. However, he wrote other poems which are now lost. Pausanias says, that in his age the verses of Hesiod were still written on tablets in the Temple of the Muses, of which the poet was a priest. Clemens Alexandrinus says, that Hesiod borrowed pretty copiously from Musæus. Be this as it may, we learn that the Greeks were so fond of his poetry and moral instructions, that they put his works into the hands of their children, and caused the young people to get them by rote. Hesiod was murdered by the sons of Ganyctor, of Naupactum, and his body was thrown into the sea. It is said that the body was brought back to the shore by dolphins, and immediately recognized; and that the murderers were discovered by some dogs that had belonged to the poet, and were thrown, in their turn, to the mercy of the waves. But these accounts savour strongly of the fabulous.

The poem of *The Labours and the Days* seems to be divided into three parts; one mythological, another moral, and a third didactic. Hesiod begins by relating the story of Pandora, and, if he is the inventor of it, it does great honour to his powers of imagination. At any rate, he is the most ancient poet in whose works this fable is found, and the most ancient in whose works are found the other fables, of the birth of Venus, and the birth of the Muses, daughters of Mnemosyne and Jupiter. After the fable of Pandora comes a description of the different ages of the world. This description Ovid has imitated in his *Metamorphoses:* but instead of counting them four, as they are ordinarily counted, the Greek author enumerates five: the age of gold, the age of silver, the age of brass, the age of the demi-gods and heroes, and the age of iron, which the poet says is the age in which he writes: if so, the age of iron has lasted a very long while. But almost all

writers have considered their own age as the worst of any: and though Voltaire somewhere says of his own time,

" *O le bon tems que ce siecle de fer!*"

" O what good times are these iron days:"

yet that appears to have been said only in a casual good humour; for in another place he calls the eighteenth century the refuse of times. This is one of the subjects upon which a man may say whatever he chooses, without considering any thing but the temper in which his own mind may happen to be at the moment when he writes.

After this mythological opening, Hesiod begins a course of moral philosophy, which he has addressed, as well as the rest of the work, to his brother Perseus, with whom he had had a law-suit for the paternal inheritance; but this moral philosophy is not always of the best possible kind. Then follow some agricultural precepts which are also interspersed with lessons of wisdom: for in this author these lessons are to be found every where. He was high priest of a temple of the Muses on Mount Helicon, and instruction has always been one of the functions of priesthood. But certainly the Muses never dictated to him the conclusion of his poem, where he specifies the distinctions of merit in the different days of the month. There he tells us that we ought to marry on the fourth of the month—that we may shear our sheep both on the eleventh and on the twelfth, but that the twelfth is infinitely preferable: that the tenth day is favourable to the generation of males, and the fourteenth day to the generation of females—and a great many other things of the same kind, too ridiculous to be worth mentioning. These were no doubt the fancies of those times: but Homer had too fine a taste to employ them.

The first part of *The Theogony* is little more than a continued catalogue of the gods and goddesses of all ranks and of all kinds. Some persons have endeavoured to clear and arrange this chaos by the help of allegory; and though plenty of allegory may be supposed, it will be found as full of contradiction as the fable itself. This poet, whose diction is in general smooth and harmonious, suddenly assumes, at the end of his work, a tone infinitely more elevated, in order to sing the war of the gods against the giants, a fabulous tradition, of which, if he be not the inventor, he is the most ancient recorder. This description, and that of winter in *The Labours and the Days*, are so good, that in their way they may be compared to some of the finest passages in Homer. The picture of Tartarus, and of the precipitation of the Titans when they are struck by the thunderbolts of Jupiter, presents some parts so strongly resembling the infernal scenes of Milton, that we can scarcely hesitate to say that the one was copied from the other; and perhaps there is something a little singular in the mutual applicability of ideas on two subjects, which one would have supposed the difference of religion must render so widely dissimilar.

Apollonius was a native of Naucratis, in Egypt; but has been generally called Apollonius Rhodius, from the circumstance of his long residence at Rhodes. He was a pupil both of Callimachus and of Panætius; and was the third librarian of the famous library of Alexandria, under Ptolemy Evergetes. It is said that he behaved with some ingratitude to his master Callimachus, who wrote a poem, in which he designated Apollonius by the name of Ibis. Ovid also has written a poem of the same nature, and bearing the same title.

Having no opportunity of turning to the works of Apollonius, we subjoin the analysis given by M. de la Harpe. Of all the writings of this poet, nothing remains but the poem on the expedition of the Argonauts, which is in four books. " Perhaps the conception and construction of this poem do not entitle it to take a high rank as an epic poem," observes the French critic:" " the plan is not managed with sufficient art, for it is at once too deeply historical in the order of the incidents, and too heavily incumbered with episodes destitute of effect, and introduced without care of selection: but the execution of this imperfect design is, in many instances, deserving of high panegyric. The love of Medea for Jason is painted with a fidelity which leaves us nothing to wish for but a little more force, and which is at least so good, that it appears to have been not altogether useless to Virgil. It is clear indeed, that the poetical historian of Dido has not disdained to borrow some ideas from Apollonius; but it must be owned that he gives them a passionate force of expression, from which the Greek poet is far removed: the borrowed matter is but little, and the superiority of the borrower is immense."

Valerius Flaccus, a Roman poet in the time of Vespasian, treated the same subject of the Golden Fleece in eight books. But this author has not acquired much celebrity, and does not appear to have deserved much.

We have now concluded our observations on the epic poetry of the ancients. In some of

the following numbers of this Magazine, we shall enter on an analysis of the greatest dramatic authors in tragedy, who flourished either among the Greeks or among the Romans: and we trust it will be found, upon a fair comparison of the drama, as it existed among the ancients, with the drama, as it has existed, and still does exist among the moderns, that we are by no means bound to yield the palm to the poets of the early ages. Indeed he who compares the great tragic works of Shakspeare and Otway, of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, with the productions of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, must be strangely prejudiced in favour of antiquity if he denies the superiority of England and France over Rome and Greece. For our own part, we are not inclined to surrender the claim of victory even in epic poetry. When we come to speak of Milton and of Tasso, we shall probably have it in our power to substantiate, beyond all danger of controversy, the claims which the moderns have ventured to put up; claims which if they do not peremptorily demand the triumph of superiority, yet certainly insist on the honour of equality. Nor do we conceive, that in setting up this requisition in favour of the moderns, we are treating the ancients with any thing like disrespect. The moderns have had the benefit of two thousand years more than the ancients; and it would be strange indeed if, in the course of all that time, they had made no improvement on the fund bequeathed to them by their predecessors. When we say that the moderns have been in many respects superior to the ancients, we do not mean that the moderns have been generally men of greater genius; for it is our belief that the rate of genius, though it may vary from year to year, has varied little from century to century. In all ages where encouragement has been given, genius has appeared. But we mean to say, that the moderns have had at least as much natural genius as the ancients, and having all the works of the ancients, and all the experience of ages to assist them into the bargain, they have produced works, in their own nature, superior to most of the greatest works produced by the ancients. But of this we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, and it will be more orderly to enter on the parallel between the two claims, when each claim by itself shall have been regularly analysed. For the present, therefore, we content ourselves with these general remarks, warning our readers of the course which it is our intention to pursue hereafter.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

(Continued from page 253.)

Sir,

In my last letter I told you of a little conversation which we had about an Ode of Horace in the shades below; but which was, unfortunately, cut short by the intervention of a toast. We then proceeded to speak of another ode, which Horace himself was puffing in a very fearless way, when Aristotle cut him rather short, by saying coolly, that he was afraid our friend Horace had too high an opinion of himself. The conversation then took the following course:

INTERLOCUTORS.

Augustus Cæsar, Horace, Virgil, Varius, Aristotle, Zoilus.

Aristotle.—You speak, Sir, of an ode of your own, beginning, *Descende Coelo*: now, if you will but repeat it, I will appeal to the company present, and abide by their decision on its merits.

Horace.—Come; I flatter myself it has a strain of sublimity, a vein of interest, a general elegance, that are not surpassed every day:

Descende Coelo, et die, age, tibiâ,
Regina, longum, Calliope, melos:
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,
Seu fidibus, citharâve Phœbi.

Aristotle.—Pray stop, Sir. It really seems to me, that when you ask of the muse Calliope, so great a favour as a descent from heaven, for the sake of visiting you, your invitation ought to be a little better worded. If that useful invention of the moderns, called punctuation, had been known in your time, you must have had a comma after every word, except the

first, in the whole of the two lines that begin your stanza; and when there is a stop at the end of every word, the verse, which is but a combination of words, cannot flow with much smoothness.

Augustus.—Why, I must own, that beyond the pleasure of his own society, Horace has not held out to the lady any inducement, except a very various choice of instruments: the *tibia*, her own *vox acuta*, the *fides*, and the *cithara*. Nor indeed do I know why he calls her voice a *vox acuta*, a sharp, shrill, acute sound: it does not seem to me gallant.

Zoilus.—Yes, yes, that's all true—but I want to know why that *nunc* is whipped into the third line:

" *Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ*,"—

A mere stop-gap that, as any school-boy may see.

Horace.—Petty cavils: hear the next verse:

Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amoenæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ.

Aristotle.—It is a maxim in your language, Horace, that he who will not take the pains of being intelligible, deserves no readers: *Qui non vult intelligi, debet negligi.* The latter part of this stanza is nothing but a rhapsody. But, perhaps, we shall come to something better presently.

Horace.—Now I have a beautiful little fiction. Pray observe.

Me fabulosæ, Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo, fatigatumque somno,
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes

Texere: mirum quod foret omnibus
Quicunque celsæ nidum Acherontiæ,
Saltusque Bantinos, et arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti,

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem, et ursis: ut premerer sacrâ
Lauroque, collataque myrto,
Non sine dis animosus infans.

" When I was a child, and, weary with " play, was asleep on the Apulian Mountain " Vultur, whither I had wandered from the " threshold of my Apulian nurse, wood-pigeons, " birds celebrated in fable, covered me with " fresh leaves: it was an event very astonish- " ing to all who lived on the ridge of high " Acherontia, and in the woods of Bantiæ, and " in the fat fields of low Ferentum, that I " should sleep, unhurt, both by black vipers " and by bears; that I should be strown with " sacred laurel and gathered myrtle, which " could hardly have happened to a child with- " out the special favour of the Gods."

There, gentlemen, what do you think of that?

Zoilus.—This is too much, I can endure it no longer! Why, you bragging, cracking, lying, empty-pated impostor! You covered with leaves by wood-pigeons!

Horace.—As we are both dead already, Sir, it would be of little use for me to challenge you: but if you were alive, I should certainly call you out. The fashion is modern, and rather ridiculous in itself; but it has its use in keeping down some loud-mouthed praters.

Augustus.—Order, pray gentlemen. Horace has been particularly lucky in his mountain rambles; and, no doubt, this story is very true; for I remember, that in another of his odes, he relates that a wolf fled from him while he was singing, merely because it perceived that Horace was a man,

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.

And I dare say the same motive operated upon the vipers and bears, that would not eat him; and upon the wood-pigeons that served him for upholsterers.

Aristotle.—Your Majesty's method of accounting for this affair, is extremely satisfactory, and I can no longer doubt that birds have a love of poetry. It is equally plain that beasts and reptiles have an intuitive knowledge of virtue, as it exists in man, and are so overawed by it, as to behave with forbearance to any person of good morals. I only wish men would adopt the rule that the brutes follow, and then, to be sure, honesty would be the best policy.

Varius.—One of the moderns, who is just come to these shades below, was telling me yesterday, that a little boy had been frightened into fits, at the sight of some lions in Pidcock's menagerie. Now, if he had been a good boy, he need not have been afraid of the lions, you know, Horace. But if I remember right, the same ode specifies, that poetry, as well as virtue, bestows some exemptions on its votaries.

Horace.—Come, come, don't jest, but listen seriously to the continuation of my ode. It proceeds thus:

Vester, Camoenæ, vester, in arduos
Tollor Sabinos: seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ,

Vestris amicum fontibus et choris
Non me Philippis versa acies retro,
Devota non extinxit arbor,
Nec Siculâ Palinurus undâ.

Aristotle.—What then, by your attachment to the muses you escaped death at the battle of Philippi; and when the tree fell on you, and when you were exposed to danger at sea?

Varius.—A pleasant immunity indeed. The modern, whom I was speaking of just now, is arrived from England, where the people are making a stir about a local militia, to which every body is subject. This new-comer is himself a poet; but the muses kept him at very low wages, and in a fit of holy madness, filled with the fury of poetry, but totally empty both in belly and in purse, he cut his throat for fear of being drawn to serve, knowing that it was totally impossible for him to fight, being naturally timid, and that it was equally impossible for him to pay the fine, being absolutely penniless. Now, Horace, do you think that a man's attachment to the muses would be a sufficient exemption from the local militia?

Horace.—I don't say that. I tell you only of my own escapes: escapes which I ascribe entirely to my poetical powers.

Augustus.—Why now, I am a little inclined to think that your escape at Philippi was owing not so much to your poetical as to your ambulatory powers: for certainly no man ever marched into a field of battle with so much ardour as you evinced when you marched out of one: and if your legs had not done you more service than the muses, I am afraid some of the soldiers on our side, notwithstanding your harmonious versification, would have had so little ear, that they would have thought fit to deprive you of your auditory organs.

Volius.—As to the tree, it was an even chance for it, and for you; it came down with a devil of a thump upon your head, and it was but a toss up, you know, which of the blocks broke; and for your escape at sea, as you have since died a natural death, I can't account for that; if you had been still alive, I should have said you had escaped drowning merely because you were destined to be hanged.

Horace.—These stupid jokes fatigue me. I shall repeat no more of my ode, as you are all so abominably ill-bred.

Aristotle.—Sir, I defy you to prove that I am a joker, or an ill-bred man: pray exclude me from your general censure, and repeat the remainder of your ode.

Virgil.—I am sure, Horace, I have not opened my mouth: pray favour us with the remainder.

Horace.—Well, there are a few lines more about the security I have always found in the service of the muses, and some compliments to those ladies, with a side-wind eulogium on the Emperor. I then say to the sacred nine:

Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis almæ. Scimus, ut impios
Titanas, immanemque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit caduco.

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, &c.

The remainder of the ode is an account of the rebellion of the giants against Jupiter, and of the punishments that he inflicted on a few of them.

Aristotle.—Very much to the purpose indeed, Sir. Give me leave to observe, that all this may be a rambling string of verses, but is not poetry. Poetry should exalt the soul, or instruct the mind, or warm the heart, or please the fancy. Such odes as this effect none of these purposes. Among the other useful inventions, by which the moderns have gained an advantage over us, is the institution of Reviews: works which allay the prurient eagerness even of the best of authors, and compel them to write common sense before they can acquire a reputation. In your day there were no such things, and because you had, in fact, written many beautiful and admirable works, both of entertainment and of instruction, which had made you fashionable at court, and among discerning men, the public of Rome thought every thing good that bore your name; and wanting, like the mob of all other countries, the power of judging the individual instance, contented themselves, like the mob of all other countries, with blindly following the general rule. Sir, you were a great poet; but all you wrote was not poetry, nor sense neither.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Varius.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. VIII.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
"Th' observed of all observers."——*SHAKSPEARE.*

THE remarks which in the Twentieth Number of our Magazine we had occasion to make upon the *Edinburgh Review*, have excited so general an attention, that we have been solicited through many channels to bestow some further notice on that popular work, and make every number of it the subject of some animadversions, either panegyrical or culpatory. In compliance with these requests, we proceed to speak of the Twenty-third Number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

In the writings of most authors inaccuracies of a trifling kind are expected and forgiven, because perfection is a matter of acknowledged impossibility in a long work. But there is no such excuse for those, who having had a long time given to them for the preparation of a short essay, produce that essay at last with inaccuracies even of style. He who undertakes a Review, assumes an air of superiority: and the assumption of an air of superiority is not willingly tolerated by society, unless the superiority itself be incontestably substantiated. A Reviewer ought therefore to be a being of a very exalted mind, a person capable of comprehending in one view all the various relations that are treated by the author whose merit he discusses: elevated above the vulgarity of prejudice: and furnished, on every subject that he undertakes, with a certain fixed and intelligible rule, which may enable him to judge by principles, instead of deciding by caprice. A greater degree of merit is necessarily expected in him who judges the works of others, than in him who toils among the crowd that must submit to judgment. And of all Reviewers, the conductors of the *Edinburgh Review* are the least entitled to any exemptions. For they have not, like the writers in newspapers, and in ordinary magazines, the excuse of short allowance in point of time. They are not obliged to write, and print, and publish, and finish every thing within the month. They appear but once in a quarter of a year, and surely when they do appear, they ought to appear in perfection. After long lying fallow, the soil is expected to produce a glorious harvest. Let the Edinburgh Reviewers be cautious how they commit their characters: they must take care not to lose that proud sensation with which the lioness, in the fable, answered the bitch-fox, "I, said the fox, breed "frequently and largely; you breed seldom and "produce but one. True, said the lioness, but "when at last that one appears, it is a lion!"

Conceiving, therefore, that the Edinburgh Reviewers, the higher they take their ground, are the more strictly to be examined, we shall not apologize for any degree of minuteness with which we may hereafter find it necessary to pursue our task. But we beg to have it understood, that while we may attack particular passages, or particular articles, we entertain a very high opinion of the work in general; and we profess that high opinion, not because such a profession can be any compliment as coming from us, but because we should be unwilling to have our readers suppose that we have so little taste and so little knowledge of the true principles of criticism, as to overlook the brilliant merits of the *Edinburgh Review*. Particular censure is not incompatible with general admiration: and we do not depreciate the fruit when we throw away the rind.

The great merit of this Review, is the soundness of the principles that it has been an active instrument in promulgating. We do not mean the principles that it preaches on matters of science, on questions of politics, or on any other of the more abstruse subjects that it embraces: we wish to speak in the Arbitrator only on the lighter portions of the work. Those articles in the *Edinburgh Review* that have excited the greatest attention, appear to have been chiefly articles of a lighter kind: observations on the most eminent works in Poetry and *Belles Lettres*. It is hardly necessary to say how vast an importance is attached to these questions in the higher circles of society, nor need we in this place employ our pains in demonstrating, that though Poetry and *Belles Lettres* are usually denominated light reading, yet they have in fact a very powerful and extensive influence, both indirectly and directly, upon the manners, and consequently upon the morals of society at

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large, and more particularly of women, in whose education and studies they generally have a very considerable share.

The most interesting literary subject of the present day, is undoubtedly the *Marmion* of Mr. Scott: and accordingly the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* commences with a criticism on that poem. In the two last numbers of our Magazine, we very fully detailed our opinion of *Marmion*: and the Edinburgh Reviewer of Mr. Scott has in general coincided in the sentiments which we ventured to pronounce upon it. In common with us the Reviewer has blamed the tediousness of the narrative, the improbability of many incidents, the insignificance of principal characters, the minuteness of dull descriptions, the lowness and vulgarity of some passages, the imitations of bad authors, and the common place of the introductory effusions: in common with us he has applauded the picturesque representation of *visible* objects, and acknowledged Mr. Scott's great and various merit in the delineation of some kinds of character and manners. He has extracted almost all the same passages which we inserted as specimens of the author's beauties, and like us has alluded to the analogy between the errors of Mr. Scott and those of Dr. Darwin. But (which is the most important coincidence of all) he has joined with us in opposing the dangerous principle of that kind of poetry which Mr. Scott is labouring to introduce: and in a formidable exposition of the same defects on which we also thought it our duty to dwell, has asserted the purity of poetical taste against all the fury of fashionable innovation. The time has now indeed arrived, when every critic, who feels that he has a duty to perform for the literature of his country, ought to contribute his efforts for the opposition of a torrent, which threatens to desolate the fairest regions of taste: which foams in a thousand cataracts, and spreads sparkling in a thousand streams, while the majesty and beauty of its course induces a forgetfulness of the devastation that its current has committed.

It was probably a feeling of this duty that occasioned the remarkable coincidence between the criticism published in the *Edinburgh Review* and that which appeared in this Magazine: a coincidence which can be ascribed to nothing but accident, because the whole of our criticism was written and printed, and the earlier part of it even published before the *Edinburgh Review* had arrived in London. But there are some points concerning which we are inclined to differ with the able and manly writer of the Edinburgh article, and to those points we will now solicit the attention of our readers.

"We would object," says the Edinburgh Reviewer, "to the whole scenery of Constance's condemnation. The subterranean "chamber, with its low arches, massive walls, "and silent monks with smoky torches—its "old chandelier in an iron chain—the stern "abbots and haughty prioresses, with their "flowing black dresses and books of statutes "laid on an iron table, are all images borrowed from the novels of Mrs. Ratcliffe and "her imitators. The public, we believe, has "now supped full of this sort of horrors: or, "if any effect is still to be produced by their "exhibition, it may certainly be produced at "too cheap a rate, to be worthy the ambition "of a poet of original imagination."

We cannot agree with the Reviewer in this objection. As far as we can understand, it appears that a poet has a right to employ, for the purpose of moving the soul of his reader, any spring of passion that is not inconsistent with nature, or with the subject of his poem. The Reviewer asserts that the public have had enough of these things; but for a confession of the effect which these things produce upon a reader's mind when they are well managed, we beg to appeal to the almost universal approbation with which this description has been received: an approbation which has been as warm among those who objected to the poem upon general grounds, as even among the most earnest admirers of the new style. The only objection to the description must therefore be sought in its discrepancy from nature, or from the general subject of the poem: and nobody who knows any thing of the customs of a convent, or of the character of a heroic poem, can possibly contend that the representation of Mr. Scott either violates nature, or intrudes inopportunely into the tale of *Flodden Field*.

But if the Edinburgh Reviewer be too strict in this instance, he is much more too strict a few lines afterwards, in his attack upon the principle of fortuitous incident in narrative poetry. We subjoin his words:

"We know very well that poetry does not "describe what is ordinary, but the marvel-"lous in which it is privileged to indulge, is "the marvellous of performance, and not of "accident: One extraordinary rencontre or "opportune coincidence may be permitted, "perhaps, to bring the parties together, and "wind up matters for the catastrophe; but a "writer who gets through the whole business "of his poem by a series of lucky hits and

"incalculable chances, certainly manages matters in a very economical way for his judgment and invention, and will probably be found to have consulted his own ease, rather than the delight of his readers. Now the *whole* story of *Marmion* seems to us to turn upon a tissue of incredible incidents. In the first place it was totally beyond all calculation, that Marmion and De Wilton should meet, by pure chance, at Norham, on the only night which either of them could spend in that fortress.—If De Wilton's accidental meeting and continued association with Marmion, be altogether unnatural, it must appear still more extraordinary, that he should afterwads meet with the Lady Clare, his adored mistress, and the Abbess of Whitby, who had in her pocket the written proofs of his innocence, in consequence of an occurrence equally accidental. These two ladies, the only two persons in the universe whom it was of any consequence to him to meet, are captured in their voyage from Holy Isle, and brought to Edinburgh, by the luckiest accident in the world, the very day that De Wilton and Marmion make their entry into it. Nay, the king, without knowing that they are at all of his acquaintance, happens to appoint them lodgings in the same stair-case, and to make them travel under his escort. We pass the night combat at Gifford, in which Marmion knows his opponent by moonlight, though he never could guess at him in sunshine; and all the inconsistencies of his dilatory wooing of Lady Clare. These, and all the prodigies and miracles of the story, we can excuse, as within the privilege of poetry: but the lucky chances we have already specified are rather too much for our patience. A poet, we think, should never let his heroes contract such great debts to fortune; especially when a little exertion of his own might make them independent of her bounty. It certainly would not have been difficult to discover motives which might have induced both Clara and the Abbess to follow and relieve him, without dragging them into his presence by the clumsy hands of a cruizer from Dunbar."

We fully agree with this Reviewer, that poetry is not permitted to indulge in the marvellous of accident. The accidents that happen in a poem should certainly be probable. But it must be observed, that there is a probability *a priori*, and there is a probability *a posteriori*. Many things which appear totally unlikely in expectation, excite no surprise when they have happened. Nobody is astonished to hear in the afternoon that a man in walking along the street has slipped down and broken his leg: and yet no gambler would have been bold enough to lay a wager, in the morning, however large might have been the odds offered, that such a man would slip down and break his leg. Poetry, in our opinion, is entitled to employ such events as *when they have happened* do not seem improbable, even though such events may have appeared almost impossible *before their occurrence*. It is, in short, the probability *a posteriori*, the probability that respects the feeling of the reader, which the poet is bound to preserve: not the probability *a priori*, the probability that concerns the calculations of the actors in the narrative. By this rule several of the incidents in *Marmion*, which are censured by the extracts we have just inserted, will not appear to be at all inadmissible. It surely does not seem improbable to us, who read the poem, that two persons should have arrived at a castle on the same night, particularly when those two persons were both travelling the same road, in which road that castle stood. If the Edinburgh Reviewer, in one of his visits to London, shall happen to sup at the same party where the writer of this article may be supping, that Reviewer surely will not reflect upon the meeting with any degree of astonishment, although when he set out from Scotland he may not have contemplated it as a probable occurrence. Why then must it be improbable that Marmion and De Wilton should have met at Norham?

Again, we cannot see any thing extraordinary in the fortuitous arrival of Clara and the Abbess in Edinburgh. A war having broken out, the English vessel, in which they sail, is very naturally seized by the Scotch cruizers, and the captives sent to Edinburgh, to wait the disposal of the king. And it is equally natural that the king should appoint all the English in Edinburgh to remain in the same place of accommodation; and certainly not at all surprising, when Marmion, with De Wilton, and the rest of his train, were travelling with Lord Angus, the very same way along which the ladies were destined to travel, that the king should commit the care of those ladies to the knights. The night combat, at Gifford, we are not willing to forgive, because we consider it to be an incident, equally improbable before and after its supposed occurrence; and here we are less lenient than the Edinburgh Reviewers. But we think they commit another error, when

they say, that without the clumsy aid of the cruizer, motives might have been discovered that would have induced Clara and the Abbess, to follow and relieve De Wilton. We are at a loss to conceive how motives could have been found strong enough to occasion a pious Abbess conducting her nuns, so far to forget her sacred character, as to go out on a wild-goose chase after a young knight, with whom one of her novices was in love.

These are the principal topics on which we think it necessary to dwell in our observations on the *Edinburgh Review* of *Marmion*; although a great number of inaccuracies and inelegances of style, and now and then of metaphor, have, some how or other, crept into an article which ought to be an absolute model of fine writing. Thus the Review says, "The "story seems to turn upon a tissue of incredi- "ble accidents." Now accidents may be a *pivot*, a *hinge*, upon which a story may turn; but we do not know with what truth of metaphor any thing can be said to *turn upon a tissue*.

We will now say something of those pages which the conductors of the publications before us have allotted to the consideration of Mr. Percival Stockdale's *Lectures on the truly eminent English Poets*. The very first sentence of this is to us unintelligible; we will refer it to our readers to determine, on perusing the passage, whether our incapability of comprehending it arise from any natural infirmity of intellect in us, or from the actual obscurity of the sentence itself:

"Whatever truth there may be in the asser- "tion, that none but a poet should criticise a "poet, we are nevertheless extremely happy "to meet, now and then, with dissertations on "poetry in sober prose; for most of our mo- "dern bards, as if they were afraid that poste- "rity would not take the trouble to be their "commentators, have enshrined themselves in "their own annotations."

This Reviewer is glad to find a poet, now and then, criticised in sober prose, because most modern bards have enshrined themselves in their own annotations. What, are these annotations ever written in verse? There seems to be some considerable mistake here: we hope it is an error of the press, which we are the rather inclined to believe, because the greatest part of the article contains a soundness of poetical principle which does infinite honour to the Review itself, as well as to the writer. The article does not indeed abound with that keen satire in which Mr. Jaffray so greatly excels, nor in that side-shaking mirth which distinguishes many of the articles written by Mr. Walter Scott; but it has a degree of truth in taste, which must make it peculiarly acceptable to those readers who look up to a Review for information, and prefer quiet instruction to severity or drollery of style.

Mr. Stockdale having drawn a distinction between the power of invention, and the power of imagination, is justly blamed by the Reviewer; for since invention does not really mean creation, which, in the strict sense of the word, is impossible to man, but signifies simply combination: invention does appear to be at last much the same thing with imagination, although Mr. Stockdale thinks fit to term by the name of invention, that kind of genius which "disdains the walk of man, and of or- "dinary nature," and denominates every other kind of genius imagination. But while we agree with the Reviewer in acknowledging Mr. Stockdale's error, we cannot agree in the reasonings by which that error is refuted. We extract the attempted refutation:

"All this distinction appears to us superflu- "ous. To divide invention from imagination, "seems to be merely dividing the included from "the including term. Imagination (as the most "luminous of moral philosophers has describ- "ed it) is a complex power; it includes con- "ception or simple apprehension, which en- "ables us to form a notion of those former ob- "jects of perception, or of knowledge, out of "which we are to make a selection; abstrac- "tion, which separates the selected materials "from the qualities and circumstances which "are connected with them in nature; and judg- "ment and taste directs their combination. "To these powers we may add, that particu- "lar habit of association to which we give the "name of fancy, as it is this which presents to "our choice all the different materials which "are subservient to the efforts of imagination, "and which may therefore be considered as "forming the ground-work of poetical genius."

The author of whom the Reviewer here speaks as "the most luminous of moral philo- "sophers," is, indeed, no less a man than Mr. Dougall Stewart. But if we may be permitted to oppose so great an authority, we shall say, that we do not conceive this definition of imagination to be by any means an accurate definition. For it does not appear that taste and judgment have any necessary connection with mere imagination. We can easily understand that imagination, in the practical and active sense of that word, is a complex power, and requires apprehension to seize the

separate notions, and abstraction to make them individually fit for use when they are seized, and fancy to set them in new positions before the mind's eye, and groupe them together. But if taste and judgment be superadded, as forming a part of imagination, then why have poems of imagination very often been bad poems? There is a passage in this very review, which shews a good deal of imagination, but which betrays a total absence of taste and judgment during the period of its construction. The Reviewer is speaking of Thomson's faulty ornament: but "the faults of Thomson," says he, "whether useless epithets, or occasional "redundance, are not great defects in his poe- "try. He never provokes us, like Young, "with disgust at fustian, or nonsense. When "Thomson sacrifices a thought to false taste, "he only dresses the victim in flowers, and "leads it on in procession. Young butchers it "outright, and dissects it on the altar." Now this illustration, at first sight, appears to be very beautiful, and certainly shews a good deal of imagination; but it is very incorrect: for he that only decks the victim, does not sacrifice it at all: the sacrifice is not made till the victim is destroyed. Now a thought that is very incorrect can never be said to have been formed with taste and judgment: though, as in this instance, it may deserve the praise of imagination. And even if we allow the justness of Professor Stewart's definition, we find no words in that part of the attempted refutation which bear upon the identity of invention and imagination, or serve the smallest purpose of utility in the Review.

In another place the Reviewer denies the superiority of Milton over Shakspeare, a superiority which Mr. Stockdale most fiercely arrogates. We, as well as the Reviewer, are among the number of those who hold Shakspeare in a far higher esteem than Milton; but we cannot approve the reasonings of *The Edinburgh Review* upon this point. After speaking of sublimity, the quality in virtue of which Mr. Stockdale claims the pre-eminence for Milton, the writer of the article in question concludes his abstract reasonings with this declaration:

"If sublimity be assumed as the ground of "Milton's claim to supremacy in poetry, we are "entitled to say, that a certain union of other "constituent qualities of a poet are collec- "tively paramount to its greatness. The opi- "nion which, we make bold to say, the world "at large maintain, is, that the aggregate of "all the poetical qualities of Shakspeare is "superior to that of Milton's, including his" (Milton's) "sublimity and every other claim to "admiration."

We cannot allow that any union of other qualities can become paramount to the single and vast merit of sublimity. In poetry, *many a little* does not necessarily *make a mickle*. And the Reviewer seems to have felt the fallacy of his own argument; for after saying that Shakspeare, on the whole, is generally preferred, the writer is obliged to observe that Shakspeare is as sublime as Milton, or even more sublime. And then we find that the reason why Shakspeare is preferable to Milton, is, that Shakspeare has not only as much sublimity as Milton, but many other valuable qualities of poetry which Milton wants altogether.

The parallel which is drawn by this Reviewer, between the different styles of sublimity in which Shakspeare and Milton excelled, is so original, and so striking, and so true, that we cannot do our readers a greater service than by transcribing it. With this extract and one observation upon it, we shall conclude our article:

"We do not pretend to divide the general "term sublime with unnecessary distinction; "yet when we say that Shakspeare is sublime, "we must speak more of his merit in the ag- "gregate, than judging him by detailed pas- "sages. His sublimity is more strong than "brilliant; it lies more in effect than in per- "ceptible manner. It is like listening to an "orator, of whose powers of persuasion we "are not fully conscious till he has finished his "discourse. When we peruse the dialogue of "his dramas, so much of the familiar occurs in "his language, that the triumph over our "sympathies seems to be obtained, without an "effort of the poet. The design of Milton to "dazzle us with splendid, and overwhelm us "with great images, is always obvious. Mil- "ton has all the ensigns and regalia of sove- "reign genius: Shakspeare all the power and "prerogative. Let us recur to an instance of the "sublime in Shakspeare, and it will illustrate "this distinction. Take the scene of *Macbeth*, "relating his murder of *Duncan* to *Lady Mac- "beth*. 'There's one did laugh in his sleep, "and one cried murder.' The dialogue com- "mencing with this line has no passage, which, "taken separately, and read to a person "unacquainted with the play, would seem "a specimen of sublime composition: yet the "effect of the whole, when we read the play, "is sublime: it is like more than human lan- "guage. If the terrors of the tragic muse be "not sublime, by what name shall we call

"them? Let us again suppose it possible to "find a person susceptible of poetical impres- "sions, who had not read Milton, and we "should have no difficulty, in every page, to "quote such sentences as would strike him, "though read unconnectedly, with wonder and "delight; such lines as the description of Sa- "tan and his peers. 'He spoke, and to con- "firm his words outflew millions of flaming "swords,' &c. But let such a reader, even "warm and fresh from the bright wonders of "Paradise Lost, submit his feelings to the in- "fluence of some of Shakspeare's best trage- "dies, and the result, we think, will be, that "judging by collective effect, by creation of "character, by vivid imitation of nature, and "by combined and general tests of genius, he "will award the superiority to Shakspeare."

In this admirable parallel there is but one material defect; and that defect exists in the allusion to royalty. If Shakspeare have all the power and prerogative, and Milton only all the ensigns and regalia of sovereignty; then Milton is not a sovereign but a puppet. We see what the Reviewer intends, but the illustration is incorrect. Here again taste and judgment were wanting to assist the operations of his imagination. We wish our readers to be fully aware, that we read and criticise the works of the Edinburgh Reviewers, neither with feelings soured by envy of their success, nor with understandings blinded by admiration of their talents.

THEODORE D'ABLANCOURT.

AN ORIGINAL TALE.

HOW calm roll thy waves, majestic Loire! the towering cliffs of the Cevennes o'ershadow thy distant spring; and the hand of nature scatters her wildest flowers along thy lonely banks; but soon thy waters forsake their native mountains, and, enriched with the tribute of numerous rivers, bathe the walls erected by the industry of man, the towns where commerce once spread its stores, and wandering through the delightful plains of Languedoc, seek through fertile lands, the spreading bosom of the Bay of Biscay. Alas! how often has the voice of the adventurous sailor awakened the echoes of thy shores, when returning from the burning regions of the east, he hailed his native fields! How often has the sound of the rustic pipe gathered the youth that once inhabited thy banks, and cheerful sports and artless dances enlivened the scenes through which thou delightedst to glide! But desolate are now these silent vales; no groups of maidens crowned with flowers attract my searching glance; no youthful rustics climb the steepest hills, or dispute the oft-tried race! The bustle of activity resounds no more in thy desert cities; no swelling sail now roves on thy stream; and even the verdant islands thou claspest in thy waves, are lone and shrouded in mist.

What sudden blast has snatched thy former splendour? Have the thunders of war devoured the pride of thy shores and the wealth of thy cities?—No; the hand of tyranny has been extended over thee; cruelty has revelled in the blood of thy most promising sons and fairest daughters, and cupidity has grasped the treasures of their forefathers!

Roll on, majestic Loire; thy waves are calm, they scarcely murmur as they glide along, yet they have heard the cries of despair, of outraged innocence and modesty, but they have engulphed the victims of crime and oppression, and the silence of death hovers still over them.

While the spirit of rebellion still slumbered in the minds of future tyrants, or was concentrating its powers in the souls of a few ambitious men, ready to burst forth at the first signal of favouring circumstances, a calm, similar to that which precedes a storm, overspread the whole kingdom of France. It was then that a few wise experienced men alone descried the storm gathering at a distance, the greater part wrapped up in a deceitful security, pursued unmoved the career of their existence, nor threw a look beyond the bounded sphere of the moment. Among those who scorned to study the intricate labyrinths of public affairs, and sought peace far from the tumult of courts and the splendour of power, was ranked the young Theodore D'Ablancourt. His hands had lately closed the dying eyelids of a beloved mother, the only parent his youth ever knew, for before he beheld the light of day his father had fallen in battle, respected by his country and honoured by his sovereign. Close to the banks of the Loire stood his dwelling; it was a cas-

tle built by his ancestors in times remote; and ever since, the blessing of the grateful traveller had always rewarded the hospitality of its possessors. Placed on the summit of a woody hill, its towers rose above the loftiest trees, and from their top the eye could grasp the most extensive landscape. On one side, nature alone was seen strewing her beauties with a profuse hand; on the other, she assumed a different garb; and the art of man was visible in cultivated fields, while nearly veiled in the clouds of distance, the steeples of Nantes announced the spot where the treasures of commerce were deposited. Melancholy, so often the source of future excellence and nobly earned reputation, had tinged the soul of the youth with her gloom, and the sequestrated situation of the abode of his infancy fostered the reflecting bent of his mind. Oft would he rove, when the gales of eve sighed around, through the gently agitated woods, and listen to the pleasing murmur of their leaves; it seemed fraught with the sweetest ideas, and awakened the most tender emotions of his nature. He felt his heart expanding, and unknown sentiments swell his breast; the tumultuous voice of the passions had not yet alarmed his soul, he was ignorant of their language, and wondered at the descriptions he had read of their effects. Solitude and contemplation had hitherto answered all his wants, and the loss of his mother became, when numerous suns had shone upon her grave, a new spring of soft and endearing reflections. He would muse upon her virtues, the tenderness she lavished upon him, the anxious fears that assailed her bosom, when he languished on the bed of sickness, and surrounded with the remembrances of her love, he would kneel upon her tomb, while he fancied the spirit of his departed parent hovered over him, and watched every thought that budded in his soul. Such were his evening wanderings; but sometimes he left the darkness of the woods, and while the sky flamed with stars, sought the cool shores of the Loire, and in a fragil bark descended with the stream. Music added her melody to the soothing voice of the slow gliding waters, and his flute breathed the most enchanting accents in the air; the distant echoes mildly answered, and the astonished shepherd or village maid hearing the delightful harmony, fancied the genius of the river arose from his silvery bed, and invited the midnight fairies to revel on his waves.

One evening, the sun had set midst golden clouds, and the blue vaults of the sky were still illumed by his fading beams; the blossoms of spring began to shut their odorous leaves, the songs of love were heard from every bough, the doubtful twilight, the embalmed breath of the breeze, that wafted the swelling strains of the birds, spoke with more powerful energy to the bosom of youth, and created new faculties. Theodore spread his white sail, and explored the well-known stream; his heart beat high, and visions of bliss dawned upon his mind: by turns, he confided the expression of his feelings to the flute, and by turns his voice alone floated on the gale. In that extacy of joy, of unconscious felicity, which we seldom taste more than once in our lives, when the first germs of the passions unfold, and every fibre of the heart thrills with rapture, and which flies with each fleeting year never to agitate again our hardened bosoms, Theodore let the hours glide away, and descended far below his native domains. The moon arose with silent splendour over the distant hills, and dispelled his sweet reveries; he cast a glance around and beheld a scene he had not yet descried. The river opened its watery arms, and clasped a green island crowned with trees and interspersed with rustic cottages; at the foot of a hillock clothed with vines, the youth of the village were assembled, and rural sports repaid them for the labours of the day; the elegant forms of the maidens were revealed through their floating robes as they tripped the cheerful dance. A single virgin, seated beneath a spreading elm, sang with artless excellence the tune which ruled the steps of her companions; and the aged parents of the active couples conversed at a distance together, and repeatedly smiled as they beheld their children. Theodore listened with delight, but soon the virgin ceased, and the dance was going to terminate, when the sounds of his flute invited them to renew their sports. They cast a glance of astonishment towards the river, for in the hurry of pleasure the sailor had been overlooked, and returning thanks with their gestures, displayed their agility with increasing ardour, and beckoned him to land: but clouds shrouded the moon in darkness, the winds arose, Theodore waved adieu, and assisted by the violent blasts, resumed, with forced resolution, his lonely way.

The morning sun shone bright, but the night had been dark and tempestuous, and sleep had not shed its usual influence over the fatigued limbs of Theodore. His dreams had been painful, and he left his couch with an anxiety in his breast which had never dwelt there before. Solitude lost its charms, and his favourite studies were neglected, yet he was unable to as-

sign a cause for this sudden change, and folded the secret in his heart. His soul, he began to feel, was formed to hold closer communion with his fellow creatures than heretofore he had done; nature vindicated its rights, and without pointing to any determined person or object, increased her powers by the indecision in which she left his soul. But no sooner did evening scatter its shadows over the heavens, than he hurried to his bark, and loosening the knot that tied it to the shore, sailed once more towards the island he had visited the preceding night.

When he reached the wished-for spot, the youths were not yet assembled, and the distant murmur of industry struck his ear; he landed near a grove that lined the rising bank, and wandered over the fruitful fields, but in vain did he listen; in vain did he try his most harmonious notes to gather the villagers in the dance: each cottage door was closed, and home occupations employed every rustic's hand. No virgin's voice resounded on the desert lawn, and stung with sorrow and disappointment, Theodore re-entered the walls of his ancient dwelling.

Pleasing dreams played around his couch, and opened to his soul scenes of joy and felicity; he beheld once more the lovely maiden seated at the foot of the elm tree, listened to her enchanting voice, and accompanied her accents with his flute; she smiled upon him, and his notes became more melodious; all the powers of his skill were displayed, and he enjoyed the deluding visions, till the rising sun beamed its light around. He awoke, and felt the anxiety of his bosom relieved; a dream had revealed to his knowledge the nature of his feelings, and as he beheld no obstacle to his happiness, he resolved to seek the maid from whom he expected it would flow. Once more he ascended his bark, and landed on the fertile shore of the island; he directed his steps towards the cottages that peeped at a distance through bowers of blooming rose-trees, and walls of honeysuckle twisted round the branches of the hawthorn; and cast an inquiring glance around: but the object of his search did not appear, and ignorant of her name and family, he could trust to chance alone to lead him to her dwelling. The land through which he passed was well cultivated, the springing corn lifted its young leaves in the bosom of the valleys, and the luxuriant vines spread their expanding foliage over the gently swelling hills. The husbandman was seen repressing the wild shoots of his plants, while in some places numerous flocks cropped the rising grain, to increase its strength and secure a prosperous harvest. Not far from them youthful shepherds, forgetful of their charge, tried their rapidity in the race, while at intervals their shouts of gladness proclaimed the triumph of the conqueror. Theodore approached them, and was invited to witness their sports: "Stranger," said one of them, "sit upon this rising bank, and bestow the prize upon the successful youth who shall first reach this spot; it is a wreath gathered by the lamented Clementine, who suspended it at the door of her cottage the day she left us for ever; it is now become sacred, and happy shall be the possessor of the wreath her hands have weaved." "And who is this Clementine," exclaimed Theodore, "who has won such a share of your veneration and love? and wherefore has she left you for ever?"—"Alas!" replied the youth, "she once was the admiration of our village, and the delight of her friends: but we were all her friends! her father lives near the church whose white steeple rises above yonder hill, he fought many years ago the battles of his country, and retired, with a deep and dangerous wound, to the bosom of his family, and became an active cultivator of the fields. He had a sister who had voluntarily sought in a convent a refuge from the troubles of the world, and there his daughter was educated: her mother died when she gave her birth, but her aunt proved to her as kind as the most affectionate parent. She often used to come and spend a few months beneath her father's roof; it was then we admired the elegance and vivacity of her manners, and the learning with which her mind was stored: she used to mix in our evening amusements, and often sung while we danced around her. Six months ago she left us to repair to the convent, but when she returned she had lost her cheerful disposition; she delighted to wander alone, and muse in the silent shade; and at last we learned she had resolved to forsake the scene of busy life, resign the joys of society, and bury her beauty and her talents in the dark and melancholy cloisters. In vain we attempted to alter her design; her purpose was fixed and immoveable; she avoided the vales where we celebrated our sports with the maidens of the hamlet, and appointed yesterday for her departure. On the eve of this fatal day, she wished to enjoy, for the last time, the company of her friends and the pleasures of her infancy. We assembled before her door, and while seated, as in former times, beneath a spreading

elm, she sang the gay tunes we had long been used to hear from her lips; our dances recalled to her mind the joys of the past, and a sigh heaved her bosom. Yesterday she departed as soon as the morning gilded the east, hung this wreath of eglantine over the door of her cottage, to which she bade an eternal adieu, and to-morrow she will be for ever chained to the altars of God." He said—but Theodore listened no more; his eyes were bent upon the faded eglantine, which the youth had placed in his hand; he remained awhile in contemplation, and at last, raising his head, exclaimed, "No, shepherd, I shall not crown the conqueror: the tale you have related has awakened the most lively interest in my heart: I will repair to the convent, and witness the awful sacrifice. All I ask of you is a leaf of this eglantine, to wear while the ceremony is celebrated," "All those who feel for our Clementine," the youth answered, as he plucked a few leaves from the wreath, and presented them to Theodore, "will always be kindly welcomed by us, and we set no other condition upon this gift, than that you would inform us of the courage the beloved victim shall have displayed in performing this solemn and dreadful act. At the Ursulines, at Nantes, you will behold our friend renouncing the pomp and pleasures of the world."

He finished and Theodore promised to fulfil the conditions imposed upon him, and placing the withering treasure in his bosom, returned pensively to the lonely shore. A few hours led him back to his native roof, but though evening spread its grey wings over the sky, his impatient spirit knew no delay. He mounted a vigorous courser, and attended by a single domestic, who had watched over his infant hours, hastened towards the wealthy and commercial town of Nantes.

Seldom had he before courted the walls of cities; seldom had he beheld the dazzling scenes of vanity and pleasure, luxury and amusement, which they unfold to the eyes of the unexperienced; he had often listened to the relation of the crimes and vices they foster in their crowded bosoms, and as he thought modesty and innocence, virtues, he had resolved to fly from the spot where they were so often and so impunely outraged. But now he felt that a stronger shield for repelling the shafts of temptations was placed before him: virtuous love interposed between the seducing delights of criminal joys and his heart; and who, when the image of her he most loves and respects, dwells alone in his breast, would degrade her charms by balancing a moment between them and the soft, alluring, but deceitful, form of wanton pleasure?

As he proceeded towards Nantes, he remarked that the inhabitants of the fields, who till then had reaped in peace the abundant harvests won by their toils, seemed no more to enjoy the calm that once reigned over their cottages. A degree of alarm seemed to prevail among the villagers in the midst of whom he passed; but more immediate care occupied the soul of Theodore; he only cast a fleeting glance upon them, and when night had lighted all its stars, entered the gates of the wished-for city.

The bustle of industry and trade, to which he had little been used, sounded so loud in the ears of Theodore, that he was unable to distinguish whether it flowed from any other cause than that which his short experience of the world had affixed to it. But to a man more deeply versed in the study of human nature, such as the aged Peter, it was plain that some extraordinary event had, or was on the eve of taking place. His observations did not extend any farther; and who, when viewing the prosperous state of the province, could have dreamed of the sudden burst that was to crush a whole kingdom, save he, who had seen the fruitful fields that clasp the foot of Vesuvius and smile with plenty, while devastation gathers unseen beneath them.

The morning rose at last, and the pealing bells lifted once more their brazen voices in the air, and proclaimed to the pitying citizens, that a virgin was about to conquer the pangs of nature, and treasure up unconsciously stores of secret repentance. Yet the call of curiosity collected immense numbers in the church of the Ursulines, and led by a different but more powerful motive, Theodore placed himself near the choir. The preceding night had been for him a season of trouble and triumph; he had exerted all the faculties of his mind to overcome the unfolding germs of a vain and too hastily formed passion, and with the most sincere joy, fancied his reason had conquered, and resolved to witness the solemn sacrifice with the resignation of a yielding and religious heart.

The organ's deep tones rolled like swelling thunder along the vaulted roof, and shook the ponderous frame of the edifice, the chief altar was suddenly illumed by numerous tapers whose light shone on the snow-white drapery that clothed the inside of the choir, like spangles of the purest gold. A band of aged friars entered on the two sides of the aisle and knelt respect-

fully on the steps of the altar, children carrying baskets full of the balmy leaves of white roses followed the fathers, and now and then showered their precious stores around them, accompanying each shower with songs of praise. On a sudden the organ was silent, and a distant choir of female voices, sounded like the soft hymnings of seraphim, who waft the soul of a good man to the throne of his Redeemer. By degrees it became more clear and more full, the echoes of the arched galleries answered it with still softer notes, and at last a procession of youthful nuns, whose white veils floated mysteriously on the clouds of incense that rose before them, advanced slowly towards the altar of the sacrifice: their forms were light and airy, and they glided noiseless on the marble pavement like the spirits of the just, when they forsake the gloomy tomb and assume the robes of everlasting glory. At last the willing victim appeared, she had not yet put on the snowy garb, and a wreath of flowers was bound round her brow; the aged abbess, surrounded with the oldest sisters, closed the sacred band. They spread before the lofty altar, where the cross sparkled triumphant, and shed rays of living light over the prostrate congregation. A deep and solemn silence reigned awhile, when a sudden burst of harmony gave the signal and every voice joined in the awful praise of the Lord.

The high priest ascended the marble steps and stood before the glorious image of his Redeemer; clouds of incense rose behind the shrine, and the timid virgin was led in triumph at his feet, the sacred robe was spread, the shining steel prepared to crop the luxuriant honours of her hair, her eyes beamed with purer devotion, she plucked the wreath of flowers from her brow, the veil was suspended over her head, and the high priest pronounced the last solemn question, "Do you choose your Saviour for your spiritual husband?" when the roar of cannons was heard without the temple, loud shouts arose, and soldiers crowned with oaken boughs, and crowds of armed men wearing the same ornaments, rushed into the church, flourishing their swords in the air and shouting with thundering force, "we have conquered liberty, we will also overthrow the tyranny of the priests; let yonder maiden be free, nor dare to seduce our daughters from our arms!" The trembling nuns gathered round the altar and clung to the golden angels that supported the cross. The high priest remained firm and fearless on the marble steps. "Impious men," he exclaimed, "implore the forgiveness of the God, whose holy temple your blasphemies have profaned, or dread the vengeful arm of the Almighty! Kneel, apostates, and sue for pardon!"—"There is a God, and we celebrate his festivals, but not as thou dost:" they answered with threatening gestures, "thou hast usurped and abused his power! Thine hands impose heavy fetters on the freeborn mind, but we restore liberty and equality to mankind! yield thy victim, hypocrite, and seek for safety in our pity."—"On the justice of the Almighty, I rest for support," returned the high priest, "if it be his will to grant you a momentary triumph, his will be done. Soon shall his terrors blast the repose of your souls; your joy shall be turned into mourning, until the hour of light shall dawn and your eyes be opened; then you will repent and may the Lord of Hosts forgive you your blasphemies, nor destroy the just with the wicked, but exalt him still higher than before."

They would not allow him to proceed any farther, but springing towards the altar, dispersed the sacred virgins, and drove the friars from their stations. The high priest indignantly and slowly retired, the majesty of God was offended in his minister, and he sighed at the blindness of men. Clementine was locked in her father's embrace: a sad spectator of her willing sacrifice, he rejoiced at beholding her free, although he cursed the impious hands that had broken her fetters; while Theodore emerging from the wonder into which so many successive events had plunged his mind, struck with horror at the impiety of the conquering patriots, the fanatics of liberty, felt the passion he had vainly attempted to crush, spreading fast over his bosom. He saw the pale and agitated Clementine in the arms of her parent and in the midst of exulting patriots: no asylum was opened to snatch her from public view and soothe her trouble; he contended with the rushing crowd, and reached the spot where the lovely maiden stood. "In the midst of plunder and devastation," he exclaimed as he approached the aged parent, "your situation must be as painful as it is dangerous. The curses of the impious rise around us, and this city seems devoted to ruin and desolation; let me snatch you and your precious charge from the storm, in my native woods we shall be secure, and a few hours will convey us beyond the sphere of danger."

He said, and gratitude beamed in the old soldier's eye; his daughter neither spoke, nor raised a timid look upon the youth whose music had once delighted her ear, but supported on the arm of her father, she followed the ardent Theodore, who avoided every peril that threatened them. It was night when his hospitable roof extended its shelter over the objects of his most tender solicitude.

(To be continued.)

TO THE UNIVERSITIES.

"ADVICE to the universities!" exclaims a junior soph, turning upon his heel, and gliding away from *Old Motley*—"Advice! we want none—our tutors are troublesome enough with theirs."—"Softly, softly, my young gentleman, you *must* listen to *me*; *siste perfidem*, and *now* stir one step farther if you dare."

You, my young friend, I dare say have come to Alma Mater, or to Granta's Bowers, for two of the best reasons in the world—to wear a gown, and to say hereafter you have been at the university. As for those bores and prigs, who come here in order to be tutors and parsons, they are beneath *our* notice at present, though we shall have a dash even at them as we go along.

But you, you have now either fought your way through Eton, Rugby, or Harrow, or perhaps have sucked in the first drops from the bosom of science, under the auspices of your paternal, or rather *maternal lares*, until you have become the wonder of your mother and maiden aunts, and are even a match for your tutor, in the opinion of the waiting gentlewoman.

The important day of your matriculation at length arrives, and you make your appearance at this warehouse of the muses, with *your* head brimful of learning, and your father's of good advice. The necessary forms are gone through, and you are left to your own direction, or to that of your tutor, which is pretty much the same thing.

You now commence your career, with the opprobrious appellation of *freshman*, which of course you will get rid of as soon as possible: having, therefore, been shewn the lions at the different colleges, and taken a peep into the different taverns, you will soon (by a close imitation of your seniors) be enabled to pass yourself off, amongst strangers at least, as a commoner of some standing. In a short time, the bare velvet of your gown, and your proficiency in the tennis court, will be convincing proofs of your seniority, and you are freshman no longer.

You have now so much to do in spending your quarterage when it comes, and in contriving to spend it after it is gone, that it cannot be expected you should have much spare time for your studies; should your inattention, however, bring on you an imposition, if your tutor is sulky, you will always find somebody who will help you out.

You will, however, be so far attentive to your learning, as to take especial care of the books with which your father has furnished you, and you will always have a few of them interleaved with a sufficient number of paper marks laying on your table, in case of a visit from any officious friend from home.

As your college rules prescribe a strict regularity in dress, you will shew your attention to those rules, by a studied departure from them when you can; this will shew the juniors that you are a fellow of spirit, and will convince the seniors that you *know* the rules very well, though you happen not exactly to abide by them. I thought of offering you a few hints, on the choice of your companions, but it is needless for two reasons; the first is when you *have* cash, your acquaintance will be too numerous to pick and choose; and the second, when you *have not*, why then the advice would be totally unnecessary. You are now at a time of life when the tender passion begins to inflame the soul, it is therefore very necessary that you should learn the lesson which you will have soon to practice, and as it is the fashion now to fall in love with old women, you may begin with the bed-maker.

If this, however, should not hit your fancy, the barber's daughter will fit you to a hair, unless you choose to confine your studies, on *this* subject, to that great university the metropolis, when you will meet with a variety of professors.

For this there are many opportunities present themselves to the well-lined pocket

lined pocket of the *commoner*; but alas! you, whose hard fate has placed you here as *scholars*, or still harder fate has doomed to pass through the lowly degree of *servitor*, where will you find funds, or how will *you* dare to break through academic rules, and fly off at a tangent to the gay scenes of London.

No! *you* must perforce find *your* amusements within your own dreary walls, amidst all the lumber of the schools; and instead of sauntering in Fop's Alley, or dashing at the Hummums, you may entertain yourselves with the dissertations, or fall asleep at the lectures, of your hum-drum tutor.

Happy will you be now to attain the rank of *wrangler*; but happier would you have been in those gay times, when, amidst Granta's Bowers, so many privileges were granted, now, alas! refused to each learned disputant.

Oh happy days, when the wrangler, with his attendant squire, set forth to visit the gay daughters of Cambridge, and demand from each a kiss!

Oh luckless day, that took away a custom so laudable, a custom to which *the ladies* would never have objected!

But ah! what churlish times are these; no longer must the gay, the modest *wrangler*, with hasty rapture, ravish those balmy blessings from the coy and struggling fair!

On that melancholy day, which ought to be a black day in the college calendar; when this custom was disused no more to be observed, what sorrow pervaded the bosoms of Granta's fair daughters!—Scarce a dry eye was seen when the wranglers were expected, and when the peeping maidens, from their hiding places, observed now and then some one of their college friends, with downcast looks, steal along the silent streets, to *take* forbidden, and to *beg* ashamed.

That year, that inglorious year of 1750, will be for ever cursed by every future Cambridge virgin, and every future Cambridge wrangler.

After going through the usual course, we will suppose you graduated, and that the long-expected fellowship hath at length arrived; you are now somebody, must yield to nobody, and think yourself greater than every body.

To one who has grown rusty in the walls of a college, your task is now an irksome one—Let me see! you must first get up to morning prayers, and here to shew your haste you may come into chapel with your knees unbuttoned; you will then retire to breakfast, and then having washed your equipage with all the precision of a mantua-maker, and placed your cups and saucers in the beaufet, with all the elegance of a chinaman, you will prepare for, and set out on your morning's ride.—This brings on the important hour of dinner, when having gone through the laborious employ of changing your riding for an academic costume, you will march up the hall to the *sanctum sanctorum*, with all the *hauteur* of a *fellow!*

This important business over, the common room will occupy your leisure until it is time, with tucked up gown, to trip to some early tea party, amongst the fair *grizettes* of *alma mater*. The bell for evening prayer calls you away from your scandal-loving party, then the supper, a friend's room, or the coffee-house, and your friendly couch, fill up the fragment of your day.

'Midst such important avocations, *you* can have no time for study; and as your pupils are equally well employed, it cannot be expected that you need attend to *them*. Indeed you yourself must by this time have seen the folly of learning too much, as old Socrates said, "All I "know is, that I know *nothing*"—now as *this* is an *acme* in learning at which so many arrive before they leave college, we may fairly give them credit for the extent of their knowledge. In order thus to keep learning at its height you will be careful to teach things that are too abstruse to be understood; or such, as may soon be forgotten, and have no relation to the manner of life, or circumstances, which your pupils are afterwards to be engaged in.

It cannot be denied that a great part of the course of philosophy taught at many of our Universities is much of this nature; and the classes for logic and theology in particular, are either totally or in part calculated for the warm wranglings and nice disputes of schoolmen, whilst they can be of no possible use whatever to the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, or the private gentleman; but they are still necessary for the *man of learning*.

To these we may add metaphysics, which from their variety of systems, all equally unintelligible, serve wonderfully to sharpen the wits of the student, and instead of making him the victim of prejudice, generally leave him without any opinion at all.

It is an observation of somebody (I forget who), "that nature has made all the chief "pleasures of life, easy to be got; she has also "made all that knowledge which is generally "useful, easy to be obtained"—you, however, who are much wiser than the author here quoted, must see that it is totally unnecessary

to pay any attention whatever to what may be so easily acquired; and you will therefore employ all *your* wits to obtain that species of knowledge which is difficult, puzzling, and metaphysical. From the difficulty which you have found in acquiring it, you will naturally conclude it to be important, and therefore will take much pleasure in conveying it to others. After getting through these *arts* or *sciences* of logic and metaphysics, for which of the two they are has not yet been decided, your time will be usefully employed in ascertaining the *origin* of moral virtue, and here you have a wide field for doubt and disquisition; you may contend that it is founded in conformity and truth, or in the unchangeable and eternal fitness of things; again you may define it as proceeding from an innate sympathy or from an innate sense of discernment. Now all this is very fine, although any old woman would turn to her bible, and tell you it is the will of the Divine Being. You, however, will embrace your own theory, and be careful to spend more time in answering objections against your system, than in laying down arguments in support of it. Being thus so busily employed about the origin of morality, you cannot possibly have any spare time to attend to the thing itself; and were you to explain what virtue is, as useful to men in every class of life, you would run the chance of being understood, and of course your lectures would lose their greatest charm.

A strict attention to those rules will shew the absurdity of the observation of an author, whom *some* part of the world have called learned: I mean Sheridan in his *Treatise on British Education*—"It would be hard to say what "one duty of society, or what one office of a "citizen, a student is qualified to discharge or "sustain, after his close application of so many "years?"

There is another thing I would strongly recommend to heads of houses, fellows, &c. and that is to be tenacious of your rank, and keep yourselves at the greatest possible distance from the students; recollect that you are now the *maximum* of collegiate greatness, and that you are not to be considered as *common* schoolmasters. Were you to mix more sociably, or amalgamate your sterling *nous*, with the dross of their ignorance, your mercurial volatility would be fixed, and you might even be reduced to the unpleasant situation of finding that *some* of your pupils had a genius which not only required, but even deserved your strictest attention.—You will also pride yourself in imitating the ancients, though you may be too proud, or too lazy to follow their example—*They* were not satisfied with delivering dry lectures on philosophy or metaphysics, more filled with *words* than *ideas*, and which might require additional lectures to make them intelligible to their hearers—*They* did not esteem the business of the day as finished when the appointed hour had chimed; nor did they imagine that ideas were to be crammed into the young mind like apples in a basket. At least we have reason to believe this was not the case, with *Epicurus* in his garden, with *Plato* in the *Academia*, or with *Zeno* in the *Stoa*. No, we are told that they laid aside the dogmatical and magisterial air; that they placed themselves on a level with their scholars, walking and conversing familiarly with them, thus leading their youthful minds by easy and rational gradations to truth itself.

I will now close my advice with the plain saying of an honest blunt country gentleman, on introducing his son some years ago at one of the Universities:—"I am indifferent about "your nice distinctions and disputes; teach my "son religion and morality; teach him to go-"vern his passions, and to love God and man; "I had rather have him a pious and a good "man, than possessed of all the curious philo-"sophy you can teach him." Adieu!

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

SUPERNATURAL EVENTS.

Sir,

IN these times, when almost every branch of science and speculation is proceeding to a degree of certainty, of which our ancestors would probably never have ventured to admit the possibility, I cannot but be desirable to clear up in young minds those doubts, which still remain from the tales of the nursery. When the idle stories, that old women pour upon the ears of infant children, have ceased, in process of years, to receive that firm belief, which infant credulity is always eager to be-

stow, a sort of disagreeable uncertainty perpetually lingers on the mind, as mountain floods leave mud upon the meadows, even when their torrent has retired. It therefore becomes desirable that all those marvellous relations, which have not yet been publicly exposed, either by their own absurdity, or by the research of inquisitive minds, should be explained to the generality of the people: and I am anxious to receive, for my own satisfaction, and for the satisfaction of some young persons in whose welfare I am particularly interested, an explication of all those preternatural occurrences, of which the appearances have been well authenticated by good writers, but of which the causes continue to be generally unknown. A German author, treating on the tricks of Dæmons, relates the following singular event, which I have never yet found any convincing manner of explaining, and which nevertheless appears to be as near to truth as almost any historical account can with certainty be said to approach.

In the year of our Lord 1284, the town of Hamelon, in Lower Saxony, in the duchy of Brunswick, between Hildesheim and Paderborne, was much afflicted with great numbers of rats and mice. A piper coming thither, promised that, for a certain reward, which the inhabitants of the town agreed to pay him, he would deliver the place from these troops of obnoxious vermin. Accordingly he went piping through the streets, and the rats and mice followed him in incredible numbers, apparently attracted by his music, as the poets have feigned that all the quadrupeds followed that great master of sound, the unequalled Orpheus. The piper led these rats and mice to a hill near the town, where, says this author, they were all destroyed in a moment; but by what means so desirable a slaughter was effected, the same author has not declared, and whether this piper were man or devil, fiddler or quack, whether he employed some magic exhalation, or killed the brutes with arsenic and toasted cheese, I have not by any means been able to ascertain. However, I certainly should entertain little doubt about the piper's skill as a rat-catcher, if the story had concluded here; although I might have been inclined to believe that his fascination was effected by some operation which must have wrought more powerfully on the senses of the rats and mice, than mere harmony is likely to have done. But this German writer continuing his narration, states some other facts which appear by no means so easy of atchievement. The piper, says he, returning to the town, and demanding the wages that he had so fully deserved, was received with great coolness, and had the mortification to find his claim disallowed. He therefore again had recourse to his pipe, and playing another tune, was followed by a hundred and thirty boys to a hill called Koppen, where they perished, and were never seen or heard of afterwards. These events were painted, and for aught I know, are still to be seen in the windows and in the churches at Hamelon, and the whole affair is recorded in the annals of the place. The story is prevalent through a great part of Germany, and is commonly called the story of the Pied Piper, from the circumstance of an unusual diversity of colours that was apparent in the clothes of this extraordinary musician.

Now, Sir, I shall be exceedingly happy if any of your correspondents can explain to me the latter part of this strange tale. When any statement is corroborated by the testimony of respectable persons, we ought not rashly to reject it as an absurd fiction; because those miracles which are the foundation of our religious faith, are proved to us only by the transmitted evidence of cotemporaries, and the mere improbability of any event is not a decisive proof of its impossibility. But in this case, it must be confessed, there are none of those obvious motives and reasons which constantly prompted and accompanied the divine miracles. The divine miracles were never wanton violations of nature's ordinary laws: they were always the interpositions of a great and all-wise Power, operating particular dispensations of vast and immediate benefit, by the suspension of some general ordinance. This tale of the Pied Piper has nothing to confirm it except testimony: but then the loss of a hundred and thirty boys out of a small town must have been a matter of great notoriety—they were not likely all to have gone from home without being seen: and when they had arrived at the hill, the piper, however revengefully he might have been inclined, could hardly have murdered so many persons by any ordinary means. I can conjecture no satisfactory explanation of this strange story, unless that, for some wicked purpose, the children were stolen by a person of rank, who caused the forged tale to be painted on the windows, who propagated it through the neighbouring districts, and who had influence enough to cause the account to be entered on the annals of Hamelon.

In Sands's travels, and in Clark's miracles, is to be found a story yet more marvellous, and

of course equally requiring an explanation. With this story I shall conclude my letter.

Mr. Gresham, an eminent merchant in London, was homeward-bound from Palermo, in Sicily, where lived Antonio, a man so rich that two kingdoms in Spain were at one time mortgaged to him by his Catholic Majesty. The wind being adverse, the ship in which Mr. Gresham sailed, came to an anchor to leeward of Stromboli, one of the Lipari Islands, where a mountain was frequently casting forth sulphurous flames. About noon, at which time the flames would sometimes cease to burst from the mountain, Mr. Gresham, accompanied by eight sailors, ascended and went as near to the orifice as safety would allow them. There they heard many frightful noises, and a loud voice pronounced the following words: "Make "haste, make haste, the rich Antonio is com-"ing." These sounds struck them all with great consternation. The mountain began to flame in terrible eruptions, and hastening on board, they weighed anchor. The wind continuing to oppose their homeward-bound course, they made the best of their way back again to Palermo: and inquiring after Antonio, they found that he had died, as nearly as they could calculate, as the time when the voice at Stromboli was heard to say that he was coming. Mr. Gresham, arriving safely in England, made known to King Henry the Eighth the extraordinary accident which had occurred to him, and the seamen, being called before his Majesty, attested the truth of it upon their oaths. The whole transaction made so deep an impression on the mind of Mr. Gresham, that he shortly abandoned commerce, distributed the greatest portion of his large estate, partly among his relations, and partly to charitable uses, and reserving only a competency for himself, spent the remainder of his days in pious and devotional exercises.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Scrutator.

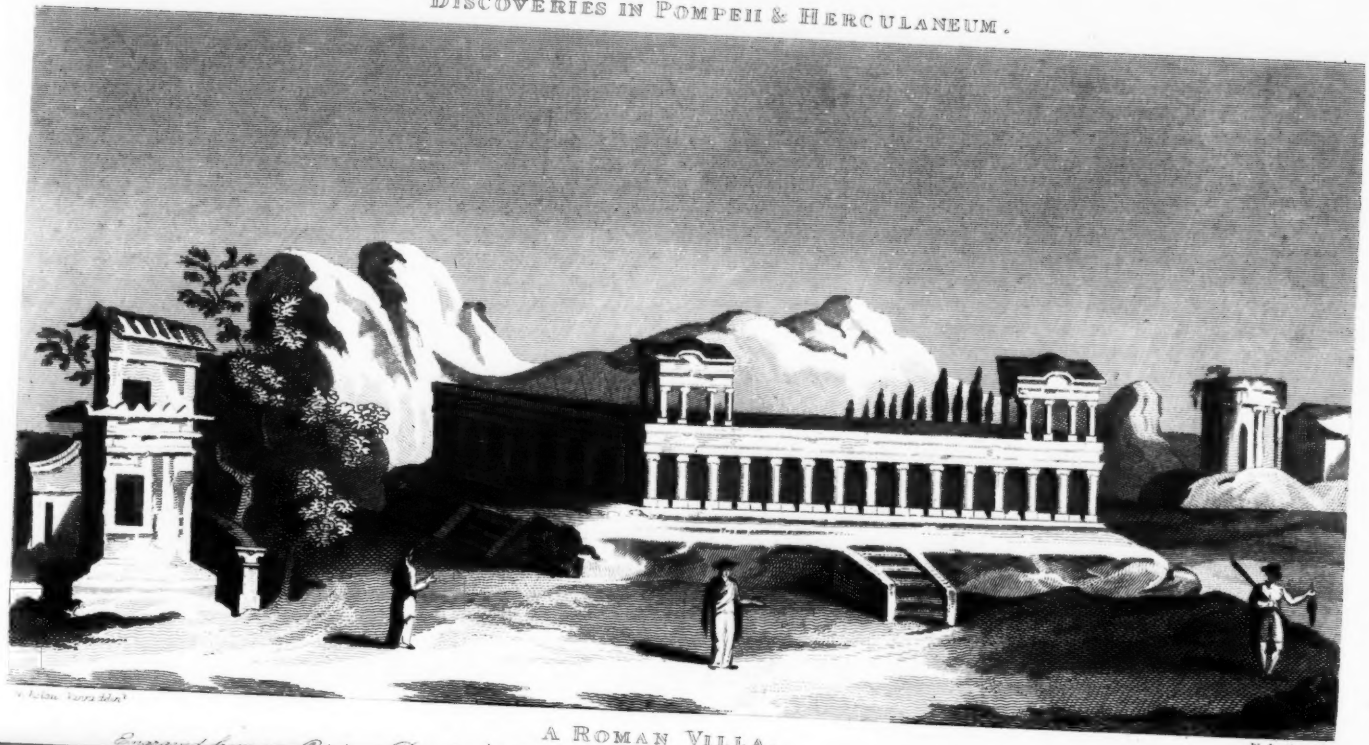
LA BONNE BOUCHE.

EFFECT OF FLATTERY.

THAT the greatest geniuses are often susceptible of the lowest flattery, has been repeatedly observed, and may be exemplified by the following anecdote of *Hogarth*, who, (at a dinner party at a coffee-house, in company with Cheselden, the famous anatomist, and some other literary characters of the day) was told that Mr. Freke had asserted, "that *Greene*, "was as eminent a composer as Handel."—Hogarth, in his usual overbearing way, exclaimed, "that absurd fellow, Freke, is al-"ways shooting his foolsbolt. Handel, my "good Sir, is a giant in music; Greene is but "a pigmy."—"Aye," said Cheselden, "that is very true; but Mr. Freke has also observed, "that *you* were as great a portrait painter as "*Vandyck*."—"*There* indeed he was right," replied the painter, and so I am, by G——, "only give me time, and let me chuse my sub-"ject."—The same gentle application had once a powerful influence on the immortal Garrick; Cervetto, an Italian fidler, was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, as bass player; and one evening remaining in the orchestra, whilst Garrick was performing the part of *Sir John Brute*, in that scene where the drunkard mutters and doses until he falls fast asleep in the chair, the musician, either from the effect of sympathy or fatigue, (at a moment when the audience was profoundly silent and attentive to the performance) yielded to the irresistable impulse, and uttered a very loud, and long drawn yawn. The instant the scene was over, Garrick sent for the fidler, and with much warmth and asperity checked him for such an ill-timed mark of languor or inattention, calling it an insult to the audience, as well as to himself; when the wily Italian, with much characteristic address, and from an accurate knowledge of his subject, exculpated himself from the attack of the offended disciple of Thespis, by saying with a shrug, "I beg ten "thousand pardon, but I always do so, when "I *ver mush pleased*."

ECCLESIASTICAL REPARTEE.

Much time and trouble have been spent on that false kind of wit the *anagram*, a species of ingenuity of which even a blockhead is capable: the following anagramic *impromptu* is, however, deserving of a niche in our minor cabinet of good things.—In the reign of Charles the First, the Lady Eleanor Davies, widow of the Attorney General of Ireland, having said something about the Duke of Buckingham, which



A ROMAN VILLA.

Engraved from an Original Drawing designed under the superintendance of the late Sir Wm. Hamilton

Woolnoth sculp.t

appeared to be verified by his death a short time after at Portsmouth, was considered not only by the vulgar as a mighty cunning woman, but began to appear in her own eyes as a prophetess; in this belief she was the more confirmed, by an anagram formed from her own name, *Reveal O Daniel*, and which, though not *literally* correct, induced her to feel inspired by the soul of the prophet. The High Court of Commission, which then took more notice of *enthusiastic ladies*, than it does at the present day, cited her to appear before them; and whilst some of the dignitaries, in all the pomp of Church authority, were *reasoning* with this mad woman from the Scriptures, Doctor Lamb, the Dean of the Arches, with a happy readiness took up his pen, and wrote under—"Dame Eleanor Davies," the exact anagram of "*never so mad a ladie*"—"Here, "Madam," said the judicious divine, "is an "anagram according to the rules of art, and "which I hope will fit you as well as the "other."—Heylin, who mentions this anecdote in his life of Archbishop Laud, observes, that the Court was thrown into a fit of laughter, which overwhelmed the poor prophetess with confusion; and, perhaps, it had a salutary effect on the Court themselves, as she was permitted to retire, and comfort herself with the inspiration of *any spirit* most agreeable to her.

SELF COMPLACENCY.

The internal contemplation of a man's own greatness, oftener tends to make him ridiculous in the eyes of his observers, than to impress them with the same ideas of his dignity; we are besides unwilling to yield to a claim thus imperiously made; how much more rational was the plan of the great Marshal Bellisle, who, regardless of his *actual* dignity, only looked forward to that which he was ambitious of possessing. It is told of him, by some cotemporary writer, that it was his usual custom, to walk about his apartment every morning for some time before he went out, repeatedly expressing to himself, "I am resolved to be a "great General, and Marshal of France."—However iudicrous this may appear at first, it certainly displays more greatness of mind than Philip of Macedon's well-known warning of "Philip remember thou art a man!"

QUACKERY.

The extreme facility with which ignorant pretenders to medicine insinuate themselves into general practice, and *sometimes* obtain degrees, is not confined to modern times; for we are told that the Cardinal Duke de Rohan, on a journey through Switzerland, being suddenly taken ill, sent for the most famous physician in the Canton.—On the arrival of M. Thibauld, the Duke observed, "your face, Sir, is not "quite unknown to me, surely I have seen you "before." The easy Frenchman immediately replied, "perhaps at Paris, my Lord, where "I had the honour of prescribing for your "Eminence's horses. I now treat the Swiss "as I did your cattle, have met with much "success, and am considered as a great physi-"cian; whilst my practice is so fortunate, I "therefore trust your Eminence will not dis-"cover me."

FINE ARTS.

No. III.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

HOWEVER interesting the Literature of ancient times must always be, it becomes infinitely more so, the better it is understood; the discovery of these subterranean cities was therefore hailed by all the learned, as forming a new era in classic lore, inasmuch as it promised to throw a new light, not only on the Arts and Sciences, but also on the domestic manners and amusements of the ancient Romans.

Of the ancient architecture, 'tis true, much remained, but there was nothing to elucidate the obscure passages of many of the classics, with the exception of Trajan's pillar, which contained, in pretty good preservation, the costume of the time of the early Emperors, and some few *bas reliefs*, which related to religious ceremonies; but here, the immense quantity of domestic utensils, the multitude of

paintings, still in their original splendour, the streets, and even the entire houses, recalled in the liveliest manner, the ideas of ancient times, and carried back the spectator, as if by magic, through a lapse of eighteen centuries.

The comparative ease with which Pompeii was cleared away, induced the Neapolitan government to prosecute their researches with some activity, but the number of valuable moveables not being so great as they expected, they returned with new ardour to Herculaneum, where, although the labour was much greater, yet it was amply repaid, not only by the number of curiosities discovered, but also by their variety and elegance.

The Strata covering Pompeii, were but twenty feet in depth, and consisted of little more than ashes and scoriæ, but the repeated eruptions of melted lava had covered Herculaneum to a depth of eighty feet; to open it therefore, would have been almost impossible, and they were content to sink shafts into the different parts, then, where the ground was easy to work, they dug through it, in lateral directions, where it could be done with facility, but always desisted when they came to the solid lava. Many inscriptions were now discovered, among others, there was one in honour of Vespasian, from which it appeared that many new edifices had been erected under his auspices, during the period when the city was repaired, after the great damage which it suffered from the earthquake in the year 63 of the Christian era; but the curiosity of the literati was subsequently much awakened by the workmen picking up some medals of Domitian, who did not reign until some generations after its final destruction. Many and various conjectures were formed to explain this seeming mystery, none of which were conclusive, until the appearance of *prior* excavations induced the *cognoscenti* to examine the history of those times, when it appeared from Suetonius, in his life of Titus, that this beneficient Emperor had given orders to open Herculaneum, and recover it from its ruins; these orders, however, were obeyed only in part, when the death of Titus put a stop to them; so worthy of his virtues, both as an Emperor, and a patron of the arts. Yet as Domitian succeeded him, it was rationally supposed that he had continued the research, and had, perhaps, made some progress in it, when its extreme difficulty, and apparent impossibility had induced him to give up an undertaking so arduous.

The enigma was now solved, and the learned world congratulated themselves, that these attempts had been unsuccessful, as it preserved these precious monuments for the entertainment and instruction of after ages, and rescued them from the devouring hand of time, and no less destructive grasp of the invading Goths.

In one direction where the labour was easy, the workmen cleared away several houses, which shewed some marks of elegance, particularly in the floors, which appear to have been paved with triangular pieces of black and white marble, disposed alternately, two pieces of each colour joining at the points, and thus forming a square. They also discovered many household utensils and instruments, particularly some lamps of a simple elegance formed of burnt earth, and some extremely curious, being ornamented with well executed *bas reliefs*. One of these is of a circular shape, with compartments on each side, containing a hound just in the act of seizing a hare, round these is an elegant foliage of vine leaves, with Arabesque ornaments, which, for lightness and fanciful arrangement, might serve as models for the best modern artists. Many lachrimatories have also been dug up; some of these are formed of a pure glass, shaped like China vases, others with long necks like bottles, and many formed of baked clay, resembling in shape our modern tulip glasses. Many vases of bronze and brass, shaped like kettle-drums, were also found, and supported on tripods; some of these had double bottoms, and were conjectured to have been fire-pots, as they have perforated covers, and small hollow tubes, probably intended for carrying off the smoke. The marble curiosities were extremely valuable, one of these was a table of exquisite workmanship, mounted on a high wrought pedestal elegantly fluted in a spiral line, and richly embossed in foliage; the statues were also numerous, representing not only the *major*, but also the *minor* deities of the Heathen mythology. All the amateurs of ancient art have been particularly struck with one, which represents a sleeping faun; he is laying down, and appears to be drunk, his head resting on a goat's-skin, in which it was customary in early ages to carry their wines. A very exquisite head has also been found, supposed to be designed for Seneca, whilst expiring in the bath, as the artist has represented him suffering all the agonies incident to such a situation, and strongly marked the countenance with all those passions which would naturally arise.

But of all the rarities discovered amidst these august remains of ancient arts, the paintings are the most interesting for their variety and ele-

gance, and also the most useful for their elucidation of many points of classic literature, which had been subjects of debate with the learned for some centuries. The specimens which have been preserved, amount to upwards of 600; these have all been carefully taken from the walls where they had been fixed up in the highest style of arabesque decoration. As these are all by different pencils, and also of different ages, it is evident that we must expect great variation in the taste and manner of their execution; some of them are designed in one colour only, most of them in three or four tints, and a few in a variety of colours equal to any thing which modern art can boast. The subjects which they represent are various, but they are in general illustrative of the mythology, as well as the profane history of the Greeks and Romans; they also delineate the divinities, bacchanals, the sylvan deities, sacrifices and religious processions, public and private buildings, theatrical scenes, landscapes, animals of every species, real or grotesque, fruits, flowers, field-sports, naumachia or seafights, and all the different trades and occupations of common life, and indeed every thing which in general we may believe the Romans to have been acquainted with at the commencement of the Christian era. By the commentators, it is supposed the landscapes represent the architecture of different ages; and by thus tracing its principles and progress, we have ascertained that the ancients were better skilled in the knowledge of optics, and in the rules of perspective than had been generally supposed.

Yet though the true principles of perspective are to be traced in these specimens, as may be seen in the accompanying plate, yet we must acknowledge that the artist has not always paid the strictest attention to them; nay, we confess in the words of a skilful connoisseur, that they are rather *indicated* than minutely *practised*, or accurately *displayed*.

The subject of the *accompanying plate*, which we have selected as leading to classic illustrations of their *domestic architecture* and *domestic manners*, is a ROMAN VILLA, with its accompanying decorations and surrounding scenery, copied with the utmost accuracy from a Roman painting in distemper, cut from the walls of Herculaneum, and preserved in the Neapolitan cabinet. This painting was copied by that accurate artist Nicholaus Vanni, and engraved in exact imitation of the original, by the well-known Philip Morghen; our artist has happily succeeded in producing a *fac simile* of Morghen's production, and has enabled us to present our readers with a correct delineation of a *Roman landscape*.

This painting was executed in distemper and in colours, on the plaister of the wall; it is not to be supposed, however, that these colours are coarse, or that they succeed each other in hard and abrupt transitions; on the contrary in this, as well as in most of the others, the tints are softened in regular gradation, extremely pleasing to the eye of taste, and which would be admirable even in a modern artist; but it is very strange, that although the demi-tint was so well known to the ancients, and so skillfully used by them in their figures, yet still they seem to have neglected it in the back ground, which is generally of one dead colour, without being relieved by clouds, or any softening of the clair obscure, which throws such a relief, and gives such a roundness even to the most distant objects, by which indeed they seem to swell into solidity, and to start from the canvas. Of the truth of this remark, the plate will be sufficiently elucidatory, and will serve as the *first* specimen of ancient painting according to our plan.

This seems from the magnitude of its external decorations, to be a representation of one of those great villas, so exquisitely described by Pliny, when in an epistle to Rufus, he exclaims, "How stands Comum, that favourite "scene of yours and mine? What becomes of "the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the "umbrageous walk, the chrystal stream so "cheerfully bubbling along its flowery banks, "together with the charming lake that serves "at once the purposes of use and ornaments. "What have you to tell me of the firm yet "soft turf on which we were wont to exercise "together, of the sunny bath, the morning "saloon, the retired dining parlour, and all "the elegant apartments for repose both at "noon and night."—Such were the anxious wishes of Pliny (whilst enjoying all the luxury of imperial Rome), for the domestic comforts of his native villa, situated on the banks of the modern Lago di Como, in the duchy of Milan; and in this short delineation of these wishes, and the familiar questions he puts to his friend, he has presented us with a most animated picture of domestic manners. Several of the ancient classics have given us slight sketches of the Roman villa, and of the moderns, Castell in his elegant work on the *Villas of the Ancients*, has brought together a great mass of useful and of interesting description, but still there is much of what the ancients wrote which would have been very obscure, had it not been

for the discovery of a perfect villa a short distance from the entrance of Pompeii, and which to this day is still pretty entire. It is true, indeed, that there are some remains in the Campagna di Roma, of the villa of Mœcenas, of Adrian's villa on the banks of the Teverone, and of Pompey's near Baiæ; all these, however, were in such a state of ruin as to afford very little satisfaction to the inquisitive traveller, any farther than the interest they excited from the remembrance of their possessors. The Romans shewed great taste in their choice of situation for the villa, and those whose fortunes would permit it, had in general two, a summer and a winter retreat; the summer villa was in general situated so as to command an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, and it was an interesting object with them to place it so as that the visitor would find himself on an elevation, before he was conscious of having ascended to any heighth. A declivity sheltered by the Appenines, as elegantly described by Pliny, was a favourite situation, where, in the hottest days, they might be refreshed by the breezes blowing from the mountains, which, however, were divested of all their strength and violence, before they could reach the tranquil retreat. The principal front of the house was always to the south, thus inviting the afternoon sun in summer into a spacious and extended portico, supported on pillars, and formed with recesses to shelter the company from his meridian beams. In front of this portico was a gravelled terrace, embellished with statues, and surrounded by hedges of box and laurel; from the terrace an easy slope of verdant turf, led down to a smooth shaven lawn, between rows of box trees, cut into a thousand fantastic forms; and the lawn itself was belted by a shady walk of evergreens, in some places formed into arbours, in others nicely trimmed and opening into parterres. Beyond this was a circus of turf, surrounded by hedges, but not so lofty as to shut out the view of the surrounding country, thus in some measure contrasting the ease of *nature*, with the efforts of her sister *art*. The interior of the *villa* was finished with a degree of luxury unthought of in more northern climes; at the end of the Portico was the dining-room lofty and spacious, and opening on one end of the terrace, so as to afford an extensive prospect, and looking down on a hippodrome embosomed in a shrubbery. From the centre of the portico, a retired passage led into an apartment, surrounding a small open square in which were planted a few sycamore or plane trees, with a fountain in the middle, where the water gently rising and flowing over the edge of a marble bason, preserved a constant verdure in the turf, and added much to the coolness arising from the shade. This apartment was dedicated to the reception of most intimate friends only, and to the luxury of the siesta, or afternoon's nap, being removed from any noise, and thus disposing the mind to the softest ideas; a smaller portico for the purpose of meditation led from this retreat to a small cabinet, whose sides were encrusted with the finest marble, and the cieling enriched with painted foliage, and birds intermixed, here in one corner was a small fountain, which dropping its waters through several pipes into a marble vase, produced the most luxurious sensations. This leads into the anti-chamber of the Bath, whose windows opened upon the terrace, directing the eye to a cascade, or some other prominent object in the grounds; next was the undressing-room leading to a large and gloomy bath, from thence to a larger reservoir, where hot water was ready for those who wished it, then to one of a temperate degree, open to the sun, and last of all a cool bracing bath, which renewing the vigour of the bather, tempted him to exercise in the adjacent tennis-court. On the opposite side of the villa was a room with folding doors opening to the breeze from the Appennines, and underneath it a grotto, which preserved a refreshing coolness in the hottest summer, and opened to the hippodrome, a large area encompassed with plane trees, so completely mantled with luxuriant ivy, as to form a verdant wall at all seasons of the year. Beyond this were the evening gardens for supper parties only, interspersed with fountains, and having in the centre a raised marble bason round which the guests were seated, whilst the different dishes were floating on the surface of its water, affording the most delicious coolness, and the whole forming a kind of private Vauxhall for the luxurious Romans.

Such were their summer villas, adapted to every change of that happy season; the villas for the winter were also fitted up in the same appropriate manner, of which the younger Pliny has left us an interesting memoir, in his description of Laurentinum. An agreeable contrast was formed in their winter villas, the porch in the front surrounded a covered area, forming a commodious retreat in inclement weather, and leading to a spacious enclosed hall, looking towards the sea, with a southern aspect where it was possible. This hall was formed with folding doors, so as to open to the

sea on one side, and the other looking to the interior of the villa and the covered area; on one side of it was a large drawing-room forming a kind of recess, open to the south, whilst the lofty walls, reverberating the beams of a winter sun, produced a genial warmth, and rendered the place proper for the athletic exercises in which the Romans delighted. Leading from this was a semicircular apartment, with windows so contrived, as to receive the sun at all hours of the day; between the windows were recesses containing the library, so enlivening of a winter's day, and which seems to have been entirely neglected in the summer villa. The bed-chamber was the next apartment, heated by stoves underneath, and joining to the Baths, which consisted of a sweating room, a perfuming room, a cooling room, and even a bath of hot water sufficiently large to swim in; in these baths, the Romans displayed their greatest magnificence; the walls were formed of the richest marble, the edges of the basons ornamented with precious stones, and the floors inlaid with the most costly mosaic, whilst the colonnades, interspersed with statues, and lofty painted cielings presented ideas of great sublimity. Pliny, in his Laurentinum, had a bed-chamber adjoining his baths, where as he describes it, neither the voice of his servants, the murmur of the sea, nor even the roaring of a tempest could reach; nor lightening, nor the day itself could penetrate, unless the windows were opened; in short it appeared to be a *sanctum sanctorum* from every thing but a scolding wife, whose mellifluous tones must have enlivened even this place of repose, unless the philosopher had chosen separate beds.

This extreme silence was preserved by means of double walls with a wide passage between, and which also afforded a facility of warming the bed-chamber by means of stoves; beyond all this was an anti-chamber which opening into the garden, afforded the master a separate entrance free from the noise and the bustle of the house, particularly at the feast of the Saturnalia, when the servants and slaves were as noisy as ours during the Christmas holidays.

At the villa of Laurentinum, the charms of good neighbourhood were not wanting; as the philosopher tells us that the surrounding forests afforded him good supply of fuel, whilst every convenience of life might be had from Ostia: to a moderate man indeed even the next village would supply every necessary, particularly as in it there were three public baths. The whole coast indeed was a chain of villas, which, viewed from the sea, had a most enchanting appearance; the sea supplied them with excellent soles and prawns, and as to provisions of other kinds his villa excelled even the more inland countries, particularly in milk, as the cattle came in great numbers from the meadows in the search of shade and water. In short, a London Alderman could not be more comfortable at Putney or Erith, than our voluptuous Roman was at Laurentinum: such was the villa of the elegant Pliny, but he also describes one on a smaller scale, which he wishes for his friend Tranquillus, whom he speaks of as wishing to purchase a small farm, sufficient to relieve the mind and divert the eye, where he might saunter round his grounds, traverse his single walk, grow familiar with his small vineyard, and even count his little plantations. Here he might employ his idle as well as his studious hours, whilst literature was not only his business but also his amusement.

Thus have we slightly sketched the domestic arrangements of these Lords of the World, but want of room obliges us to defer the illustration of their domestic manners until the next Number.

(To be continued.)

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

TO MARY.

CEASE, dear Mary, cease to press me
To reveal my hidden woe,
Ah! did you know what thus distress me,
You would cease to urge me so.

Yet that pearly drop of anguish,
Glistening on thy downy cheek,
Tells me that thy bosom languish
Words of gentle Hope to speak.

Ah! dear maid, my grief will never,
Never more thy pity move,
But the bonds of Friendship sever,
When I say—'tis thee I love.

CHARLES L.

THE STOLEN ROSE.

TO DR. REID.

(By a Lady).

YOU stole indeed the treasured Rose *,
Perhaps the last of Autumn's flowers:
But as sweet Hope her smile bestows
To cheer the heart,—so genial showers
Will melt the Winter's frost away,
Again the charms of Nature bring,
While roses re-adorn the spray,
And bloom 'mid all the grace of Spring.

Then shall a group of blooming fair
Select the loveliest from each tree,
To form a wreath, with nicest care,
A wreath of gratitude for thee:—
For thee who by thy skilful aid
Hast oft restored the Rose's bloom,
And snatch'd the tender drooping maid,
With all her graces, from the tomb.

Old Broad-street. *M. H.*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

IN youth's blooming sunshine of joy,
When Deceit was unknown to this heart,
'Ere Treach'ry aim'd to destroy
The bright visions which Hope would impart,
How gay did life's landscape appear,
How seducing each flatterer prov'd,
But, ah! what on earth could compare,
With loving and being belov'd;

Ye false dreams of young Fancy begone,
No more shall ye torture this breast,
I leave you, no more to return,
In search of a shelter of rest;
Far away from the world let me fly,
And in Solitude's charms seek repose,
Where Fate I may boldly defy,
And in silence weep out my sad woes:
Adieu! then ye World, once my pride,
(Ere doom'd since my error to prove),
In thy friendships I'll never confide,
Nor believe thy professions of love.

CHARLES L.

ON SEEING SOME WITHERED GERANIUM LEAVES, FROM WHICH A YOUNG LADY HAD BEEN PAINTING.

POOR fading leaves, art thou too doom'd to prove
The cruel slights which follow Delia's love;
When on thy parent stem, with curious eye,
She view'd each leaf, its colour, form and dye,
On thee she fix'd—thy varied sweets confess'd,
And own'd thou shone in verdure from the rest,
With skilful hand she trac'd thy soft'ning shade,
Copied each tint with nice exactness laid,
'Till the form'd picture, true in every part,
Did to the view thy fragrant form impart:
Left now to wither, see thy beauties fade,
Scorn'd and neglected by the fickle maid,
Who late on thee with fond delighted gaze,
View'd thy sweet form, and loaded thee with praise.
In thee I read my own sad hapless fate,
Like thee I triumph'd once, with joy elate,
Like thee was once with Delia's favour blest,
Shared in her smiles, and was by her caress'd,
But now how chang'd, the sweet delusion's o'er
The charms dissolv'd, and Delia smiles no more.

CHARLES L.

SONNET

ON DISCOVERING LOUISA ASLEEP.

THOU beauteous emblem of the silent tomb,
Sleep on, oh! sleep! and yet awhile awake!
That we again our pleasures may resume:
Oh! for some charm that would this slumber break!
Yet I'll not kiss her, lest my lips should prove
The means of spoiling such a sweet repose:
Yet will I kiss her! for I dearly love,
To tell her all my sweetly-thrilling woes!
To what shall I her charming face compare?
To what the heaving whiteness of her breast,
On which her auburn ringlets gently rest?
Oh! she is peerless! she is passing fair!
"She is the loveliest of the lovely kind,
"In body perfect, and complete in mind!"

Grafton-street, May 1808. *J. G-L-M.*

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MISS BLACKSHAW.

WHY do I now beneath the moon's pale ray,
Seek the sad spot where Marianna sleeps,
Where sobbing Love his constant vigil keeps,
And ever fly the placid face of day?
Why near this gloomy yew-tree do I stray,
That in the sickly dew of midnight steeps
Its ebon branches, and unceasing weeps,
'Till morning glitters in his gold array?
'Twas Love's low wailing, borne upon the breeze,
That chas'd soft slumber from my woe-worn eyes,
That bade me forthwith from my couch arise,
And weep with him amidst these awful trees!

* The Flower which was the subject of this incident had blown very late, and was preserved as a rarity.

And here each night, as long as life may last,
I'll tell my sorrows to the list'ning blast!
Grafton-street, June 1808. *J. G.*

THE MINSTREL.

THE Minstrel musing on the mountains brow,
Awaits the flowing of the ev'ning tide
T'assist his music, in its course below,
By beating time against the rocks rough side,
Then tunes his pipe and plays a simple strain,
Awak'ning echo in the silent vale,
And breezes waft the cadence o'er the main:
He stops—the sound still loiters in the gale.
How calm, how sweet, is all the smiling scene,
The moon-beams glitter on a trembling sea,
Alike the welkin, and his mind serene,
His heart awhile, from ev'ry care is free,
Inspir'd, he soon resumes his sprightly tune,
Till lull'd by ocean's undulating play,
And dazzl'd by the rays of night's pale moon,
He sleeps,—the sounds all gently die away.
C. H.

TO OLD NICK.

I NOTHING care for all your rant,
Nor all your hypocritic cant:
Be sure I ne'er will marry you,
The Devil take me, if I do!
Petita.

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH.

BLEST be the day, the month, the hour,
When first a lover's tender pain
Confess'd thine eye's resistless pow'r,
And captive fix'd me in thy train.

Blest be those sighs, those cherish'd tears,
That ardent fond desire
Which, kindling all the Poet's fire,
Taught me in numbers to invoke thy name;
And, glowing through fate's chequer'd years,
Arous'd the generous voice of fame

Blest be the wound which, rankling still,
Declares my heart no longer free;
And blest the thought, the mind, the will,
That ever faithful wait on thee.

ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

QUIN'S servant, at th' accustom'd hour,
Once came to call his master,
With visage long, and aspect sour,
Expressive of disaster.

Quin soon began his usual story—
Well, John, what news of fish?
Have you of Turbot or John Dory
Been o'er a handsome dish?

Says John, I've been the market round,
And search'd from stall to stall,
But only some few mack'rel found,
And those not fresh at all.

Well! how's the day? says Quin again,
Will it be wet or dry?
It seems a drizzling kind of rain—
Was honest John's reply.

Quin turns in bed with piteous moan,
And, not to brood o'er sorrow,
Says—shut the door; and call me, John,
About this time—*to-morrow.*

TO PITY.

BY MR. ROSCOE.

HAIL! lovely power! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
Whose tears spontaneous crystalize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabian gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare:
Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies:
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way;
Beneath thy feet no helpless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe:
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam,
Let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care;
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear as hare,
And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
To Mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of Life shall fade,
And sinking Nature own the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of Life's eventful day.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

AT this theatre we have nothing material to notice, except the secession of two actresses, who for a great many years have been favourites of the public, and who have determined to spend the remainder of their days in the enjoyment of that fortune which their youth has acquired. These ladies are Miss Pope and Signora Storace.

On Thursday, the 26th of May, Miss Pope took for her benefit Mr. Colman's droll comedy of the *Heir at Law*, and played the part of *Deborah Dowlas*, *Lady Duberly*, for the first and last time. Between the play and the farce, she came forward in the character of *Audrey*, the female clown of Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, and delivered a farewell address to the audience. We have not heard who wrote this address: and we think, that, if the author be prudent, he will take care to let neither us nor any body else ever know who wrote it; for it neither contains an appeal to the feelings of the audience, which such things should contain, nor does it compensate for this deficiency by any comic humour. We had neither Miss Pope with the feeling of a woman, nor *Audrey* with the humour of comedy. Every body was dissatisfied; and we are sorry that so great an actress, and so universal a favourite as Miss Pope, should have left the stage in a manner so little calculated to spread a sorrow for her future absence, or sustain the honour of her past performances.

Miss Pope, in early life, is said to have been a successful representative of the liveliest parts in lower comedy: and Churchill particularly mentions her excellence in *Cherry*, *Corinna*, and two or three more such parts. To elegant comedy she seldom aspired; and it has not been our good fortune to see her even in the less refined characters of youthful mirth, which she personated in her early career. We can recollect her acting for about a dozen or fourteen years only, and within that time she has played almost exclusively those parts which are avowedly beyond the bloom of youth. Though she was not remarkably excellent in elegant comedy, probably from her want of those physical requisites of voice and person which are necessary for the *Lady Townlys* and the *Lady Teazles*, yet in what is called genteel comedy she was almost always admirable. Of her excellence in this walk of the drama, her representation of *Mrs. Candour*, in the *School for Scandal*, a performance which is in the recollection of all our readers, is argument fully satisfactory. There were some parts of vulgar comedy too in which she excelled, such as *Mrs. Heidelberg* in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and *Deborah Dowlas* in the above-mentioned play of the *Heir at Law*. But, in our opinion, the species of character in which her most complete merit evinced itself, was that of pert, forward, intriguing chambermaids. There is no one of the common emotions discernible in persons of this class, which did not appear to have been carefully studied by Miss Pope; and the effect of her study was an exquisite resemblance of nature. Her delineation of *Flippanta* in the *Confederacy*, and of *Flora* in the *Wonder*, were admirable examples of her skill in this cast of parts.

It has been the peculiar praise of Miss Pope, that, amid all the idleness and indifference that for some years past have been gaining ground in the green-room, she always adhered to the principles of her profession, and acted by design, not by accident. She seemed to have formed to herself a standard, by which she regulated her movements; and possessing a rule, was never too indolent or too conceited to apply that rule. She did not allow herself to deviate into the vulgar notions about the instantaneous inspiration of genius, or the disgracefulness of labour in a matter of conception: she knew that in acting, as well as in writing, the axiom of Mr. Pope preserved its applicability: and that

"—— True ease comes from art, not chance,
"As those move easiest who have learnt to
"dance."

Upon the whole, the secession of Miss Pope must be considered as a great, and, for the present, we fear, an irreparable loss. We see nobody now rising to approach her talent: much less do we see any body labouring to obtain her science.

It was in a musical address that Signora

Storace took leave of the stage. She played *Floretta* in the *Cabinet*, and between the opera and the farce chaunted a simple ditty, in which she bade her last adieu to the audience. The words had been written by Mr. Colman; and as the first stanza said something about tears, the Signora was under the necessity of weeping at the outset: this necessity a little injured the effect which her fainting at last was adapted to produce; for though we believe that she was exhausted in good earnest, yet many of the spectators thought she was still acting; and when she was carried off the stage by Mr. Bannister and Mr. Braham, gave her credit for more theatrical skill than genuine feeling. However, her exit was honoured with loud peals of applause from all parts of the house.

Signora Storace was an excellent singer; and as her voice is not yet worn out, we hope to see and hear her frequently in the orchestras of concert-rooms, or at the supper-tables of her friends. But we cannot feel any deep uneasiness at losing the force of her theatrical powers. She was to us a very disagreeable actress; and though she possessed a kind of boisterous merriment that pleased some classes of the audience, we never could bring ourselves to like an actress whose humour was only an unusual confidence, and whose action consisted in slapping her male colleagues about the back and shoulders.

A play called the *Mysterious Bride*, the production of the well-known and fashionable Mr. Skeffington, has been acted at Drury Lane for the benefit of Mr. Russell and Mr. Gibbon, and two or three times repeated, for the benefits of other performers, with no inconsiderable interest.

Drury Lane Theatre closed for the season on Friday, the 17th of June. The usual address of thanks was delivered by Mr. Wroughton, the acting manager.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Shakspeare's tragedy of *King Lear* has been got up at this theatre with a new cast, and acted in several instances with such distinguished and universally striking excellence, that, if it had been brought out at the beginning of a season, to run without the interruption of benefits, it would have wanted nothing but a procession to make it the most popular of all the plays that have of late years been rescued from encroaching oblivion. The principal characters were thus represented:

King Lear, ...	Mr. Kemble.
Duke of Albany, ...	Mr. Claremont.
Duke of Cornwall, ...	Mr. Jefferies.
Earl of Gloster, ...	Mr. Murray.
Earl of Kent, ...	Mr. Cooke.
Edgar, ...	Mr. C. Kemble.
Edmund the Bastard, ..	Mr. Brunton.
Oswald, ...	Mr. Farley.
Goneril, ...	Mrs. Humphries.
Regan, ...	Mrs. St. Leger.
Cordelia, ...	Miss Smith.

This play, as it was originally written by Shakspeare, is perhaps almost too dreadful for representation; for it concludes with the death of *Lear* and his daughter *Cordelia*. Tate has altered this catastrophe: throughout the earlier part of the play, he has introduced an attachment between *Edgar* and *Cordelia*, leaving out the character of the *King of France*: and he concludes the fifth act with the happy deliverance of *Lear*, preserving the old king to bless the union of his daughter and her lover. This alteration Dr. Johnson has approved upon the whole, and we do not see reason to differ from that great authority, although we have little patience in contemplating the love scenes introduced by Mr. Tate. He that alters Shakspeare should add as little of his own as may be; he should throw in just so much alloy as may temper the gold, not so much as may debase it. If Tate had observed this rule he would have spared us all the weak dialogue that he has now plastered upon Shakspeare.

The character of *Lear* is one of those which it requires the greatest possible genius, science, and self-command, to represent with perfection. Our pity is excited for *Lear*, not because he is a faultless character in distress, but because he is a human being, a king, a father, suffering for follies committed by himself, and racked by passions that he has never struggled to subdue. His fiery temper is a fault, and a very heavy fault, but it is one great spring of our compassion; and his own imprudence has loaded him with the evils under which he groans, but that very imprudence has its effect on our feeling. Royalty, patiently enduring degradation, has a sweet and silent charm for the mind; it gently wakes our compassion, and that compassion is calm and temperate. But royalty degraded unworthily, and stung by the feeling of that unworthy degradation, not only excites our calm compassion at certain intervals, but at other moments rouses our souls and lashes us to a height of indignation that fires the whole frame, and destroys the recollection

of passive pity. This is a sensation no longer sweet but sublime; and in producing this sensation, so frequently and so powerfully as it is produced throughout the tragedy of *King Lear*, Shakspeare has given, in our opinion, one of the most magnificent illustrations of the sublimity of his genius that can be found in all the pages of his works.

Mr. Kemble, in the performance of this difficult part, exceeded almost every former effort even of his own transcendent genius. He dressed the character so as to appear extremely old, and the infirmity of great age gave an impotency to his passion, which made it infinitely more terrific than it could have been rendered by all the vigour of youth. His head and his whole expression were awfully beautiful; and no words can do justice to the magnificent effect which he produced at the end of the first act, when throwing himself upon his knees, in all the abandonment of unbridled passion, he pronounced, in a voice sometimes almost stifled by the excess of feeling, and sometimes swelling into an energy the more striking by the contrast of previous weakness, the tremendous curse on *Goneril*:

"Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear a
"father!
"Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
"To make this creature fruitful!
"Into her womb convey sterility,
"Dry up in her the organs of increase,
"And from her derogate body never spring
"A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
"Create a child of spleen, that it may live
"And be a thwart disnatured torment to her:
"Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
"With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
"Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
"To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
"To have a thankless child.—Go, go, my
"people!

In the subsequent part of the play, where *Lear* becomes mad, Mr. Kemble, knowing how vast a physical vigour is infused by insanity into the muscles of the human frame, threw aside somewhat of his previous infirmity, but still, at intervals, relapsed into a weakness which seemed to be increased by the operation of exhausted stimulus. If there were any particular part in his performance less excellent than the rest, it was the broken accents of his tenderness expressed to *Cordelia*. And when he entered, madly drest with flowers, the wreath he wore had too much the air of proceeding from the magazine of a flower-maker, to resemble the wild chaplets that insanity would have huddled together.

An admirable distinction was to be seen between the real madness of *Lear*, represented by Mr. Kemble, and the feigned madness of *Edgar*, represented by Mr. C. Kemble. *Edgar*, wishing to pass for a madman, is of course profuse in loud declamation, and all the external and conspicuous symptoms of madness. *Lear*, who is really mad, is mad in a much more quiet way. The judicious actors who played these two apparently similar, but really different parts, knew exactly what was the discrimination necessary for producing the effects peculiarly appropriate to each character.—However, we think that Mr. C. Kemble would add to the excellence of his acting in the scenes with *Lear*, if he were a little more frequently to convey, by side glances and actions, his own actual soundness of intellect, and pity for the woes of *Lear*. Except in that instance, we conceive his acting in this character to be perfect.

We had occasion last year to express our disapprobation of Mr. Cooke's performance of *Lear*. He has now exchanged the character of *Lear* for that of *Kent*; and we now exchange our disapprobation for praise. There was sometimes indeed an expression of arch cunning in his countenance during his performance of *Kent*; but it had for the most part a bluntness and a feeling perfectly unaffected and highly characteristic.

Of Miss Smith in *Cordelia*, we cannot say much that is favourable. She wanted softness in this part, and played as if she were copying, by her expression and gesture, the expressions and gestures that she had seen in pictures, rather than like an actress embodying, by her expression and gesture, the feelings which existed in her own bosom. We do not blame an actress for not playing from the impulse of sudden feeling, for feeling cannot always be commanded at the precise moment when it is required; but she ought to act, if not from extemporaneous feeling, at least from the recollection of feeling: not to raise her eyebrows or sink her head, merely as a child would do, who had been told that those were the expressions apparent in unhappy people.

A comedy was produced on the 24th of May, for the benefit of Mrs. C. Kemble, called *Match-making; or, It's a Wise Child that knows its own Father*. This play possesses an unusual degree of merit; and its only fault is an unnecessary abundance of plot. To be sure,

this is a fault as much on the right side, as a fault can ever be said to be; but still it is a fault. It does not indeed proceed to the extent of throwing any unintelligibility on the story; but we think it a pity to divide the interest of the audience. This comedy seems to have been written with a noble contempt of all the vulgar errors of the present day. The personages are those of life, not of farce. The dialogue is easy and natural, and the incidents disposed with probability, ingenuity, and interest. We are sorry that our limits preclude us from inserting a more detailed account of a piece which possesses so much merit.

This season, if it has not been fertile, in performances creditable to the managers, or entertaining to the people, has certainly produced an unusual number of secessions among the veterans of the stage.

Mrs. Mattocks took her last benefit on Tuesday, the 7th of June. After the play of *The Wonder*, in which, for the last time, she played the character of the chambermaid, (and played it with her accustomed excellence) an Ode on Shakspeare was recited; and then Mrs. Mattocks came forward supported by Mr. Cooke, to take her last farewell of the Stage. She was very much affected, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness that had been shewn her, in a tremulous tone. Every body was touched: and the sympathetic feeling of the audience increased, when she said that she had been for fifty-eight years before the public. When she expressed a belief that though no one would be found more grateful than herself for the favours of the public, yet many might be found better entitled to that favour, loud cries of "No, never," burst from all quarters of the house. She repeated her acknowledgments, and, still supported by Mr. Cooke, retired for ever.

Mrs. Mattocks was one of the most truly entertaining comedians who have existed in our day. Her talent, indeed, was of a broad and farcical, rather than a chaste and elegant turn: but we confess ourselves to be among the number of those, who love to laugh whenever a laugh is to be had without an utter violation of common sense. Her greatest excellence was in the representation of chambermaids and of would-be fashionables: and the broad pertness of intrigue required for the former cast of characters, as well as the farcical whim that is necessary for the latter, is not, we fear, likely to find for a long while a representative who may put in claims to an equality with Mrs. Mattocks.

Covent Garden Theatre closed on Monday, the 27th of June, with the tragedy of *Macbeth*. Mr. Kemble, as manager, returned thanks in a short address, for the patronage of the public.

HAY-MARKET.

On Wednesday the 15th, this theatre opened with *The Castle Spectre*. Mr. Young, of whom we frequently had occasion to speak, in our criticisms on the performances at this theatre last summer, was now the representative of *Osmond:* if indeed that may be properly called representation, which conveys to the mind of the spectator no idea, even the most remote, of the kind of feeling which the author appears to have imagined. We think it was fortunate for Mr. Young that he had been seen last year, or a very indifferent opinion would probably have been formed concerning talents, which certainly are very, very far from indifferent.

The part of *Angela* was performed by Mrs. Bellamy, wife of Mr. Bellamy, of Covent Garden theatre. This lady was formerly a Miss Grist, and played with success at Covent Garden, before her marriage. The part of *Angela* does not seem perfectly fit for her: for (as far as we can yet judge, having seen her only a few times) she appears to have no conception of the little expressions of feeling that an actress ought to throw into such a part as *Angela*, in order to make it at all interesting upon the Stage. The author has evidently intended *Angela* to be interesting; but as he has failed in his execution, it becomes more necessary for the actress to give softness to the part. This would not be changing her character, but merely supplying its deficiencies. Mrs. Bellamy's feelings appear to be deeper: she seems to feel strongly in scenes of strong feeling: but to have no power of calling forth her sensibilities on less important occasions.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1808.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

SPAIN.—The rapid succession of events for the last month, not only bid defiance to all the common modes of political speculation, but even outstrip the pen of the periodical journalist, who, in the interval, whilst *the devil* is waiting for his half-sheet, sees all the other devils at work in attempting to obliterate those events, which he has just recorded; here, indeed, we see one column of a Newspaper or a Magazine, containing what a few years ago would have filled volumes of annals, have been food for the Quidnuncs for a series of years, and given birth to a library of secret memoirs. In one short month, we have seen a King prepared to fly from his invading oppressor; we have seen this King deposed by his son, who brings into power those nobles who still feel a noble patriotism; and immediately after, in a manner the most unaccountable, we have seen father and son both throw themselves into the power of their common enemy, making him the umpire of *their* quarrel, and the arbiter of their *country's* fate. The natural consequence of these measures might *then* be easily foreseen, and we have the renunciation of the *son's* usurped rights, the abdication of the *father*, and the disinheritance of the whole family, whilst a regent, *appointed* by the conqueror, and *proclaimed* by the dethroned Prince, forms a military government in the capital. The fate of Spain must soon be decided, she must sink under the avenging sword, or else by a well-timed resistance, not only set an example, but also afford a facility to the other oppressed nations of Europe to throw off the yoke. It is our place, with a generous ardour, to afford her such assistance as is rationally in our power, most certainly, as she is now fighting our battles as well as her own; it is our place to send her arms, ammunition, and even money, if wanted; but as to co-operation with *our troops*, any attempt would be futile in the extreme; if the spirit and energy of the Spaniards will not enable them to withstand the invading enemy without our assistance, it is absurd to suppose that *we* could with propriety send any number of troops sufficient to turn the scale in the field; this consideration, however, does not operate against our holding *tenable* positions on her coast, *in trust* for the Spanish nation, by which we shall possess a facility of communication, and also give confidence to the Spanish *nobles* as well as to the people at large. A series of well-concerted plans will therefore afford great facilities in a protracted warfare, and the possession of the French ships in Cadiz and Ferrol, and of the Russian squadron in the Tagus, must be the result; as to the Spanish fleet, it is certainly our object not to possess, but to preserve it.

SWEDEN.—In the last month we noticed the extraordinary situation of Sweden, her eastern provinces conquered by Russia, whilst she herself had invaded Norway from her western frontiers. That situation is now completely changed; unable to penetrate into Norway, her troops have returned, whilst the Russians, opposed by an almost impassable country, and reduced by want of provisions, are retreating before her troops in Finland. The arrival of our Expedition has, as yet, been productive of no events of importance, whilst, at the same time, their apparent inactivity, and the guarded silence of our Ministry on the subject, afford much room for conjecture.

EAST OF EUROPE.—This part of Europe seems likely again to be the theatre of great events; the long-expected partition of Turkey has not yet taken place, whilst the rapid augmentation and organization of the Austrian army may be preparatory to that event; it may also be intended as a measure of precaution against French encroachment; should this be the spirit which now actuates Austria, we may now look forward for the yet possible deliverance of Europe. The Porte has refused to accede to the pacific propositions of Russia, as these propositions required the cession of some of her finest provinces, so that a kind of inactive warfare still continues.

AMERICA.—The latest intelligence from this country brings nothing satisfactory; the publication of the English and French diplomatic notes, seems, however, to have had some effect on the feelings of *the people* towards England, but without producing any beneficial effect on the party in power. The papers in general are less violent against us, and many of them by their reasoning against the embargo, have clearly shewn, that even if our Orders in Council were inimical to their commerce, to the

extent supposed, yet still they had commercial ports open to them for a trade of thirty millions of dollars. The American legislature have now gone into recess, after voting the equipment of their naval force, and passing an act for the embargo, which had before this been only a measure of *proclamation*. There seems, however, to be a great difference of opinion between the Senate and House of Representatives, as the latter had passed a series of resolutions rather in favour of a change of measures, which unfortunately were rejected by the former. There is a kind of discretionary power left with the President, notwithstanding, but little of a friendly nature can yet be expected, unless some rapid change should take place on this side of the water, we must therefore expect to see the embargo and non-importation act some time longer in force.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The temporary suppression of export for our manufactures, has, as a necessary consequence, produced much dissatisfaction in Lancashire, and its immediate neighbourhood, from the lowness of wages and a scarcity of work; some apprehension was therefore justly felt of the tumultuous rising of the working poor. This has already taken place in a slight degree, but has fortunately subsided, with little bloodshed, and we are happy to say, as much from the good sense and propriety of the rioters themselves, as from the coolness and forbearance of the soldiery, and the conciliating discretion of the magistracy, and principal manufacturers. It is to be sincerely hoped, that a speedy change may take place, with respect to *this part* of the country; though, indeed, it is flattering to see, notwithstanding all the measures of *the enemy* in Europe, and of *our friends* in America, that the exports of the quarter ending in April last, are not quite half a million less than in the corresponding quarter of the preceding year. The state of the funds also shews a confidence in the resources of this country, which must afford sincere matter of condolence to every thinking mind, after carrying on a *war of finance* for so many years.—Much bustle and preparation has taken place during the last fortnight, at the different ports, in shipping arms and ammunition for the patriotic Spaniards, and in expediting the return of the Spanish prisoners to their native country; embarkations of troops are also taking place in Ireland, supposed to be intended for the temporary occupation of the Spanish ports.

A recent alteration has taken place in the navy, with respect to the distribution of prize money, which will encrease the shares of the seamen about one half, yet inspiriting as this must be to the seamen themselves, there is no doubt that a much greater good still remains to be done, in forming a check upon the indolence, and sometimes the rapacity of those connected with the prizes when they are sent into port, and in reducing the fees of court which are most exorbitant, particularly in our colonial courts. The passing of the Distillery Bill has not yet produced any great change in the markets, nor can it indeed be expected, it is sufficient if the prohibition meets the deficiency of importation; we may, however, look forward with chearful hope, to an abundant harvest, which will be not only a safeguard against a real scarcity, but will also be a check upon that artificial scarcity, and that system of alarm so often raised, by the selfish speculators in those articles which form the chief nourishment of the poor.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

On Monday, May the 23d, Lord Suffolk called the attention of the House to the Droits of Admiralty, and asked Ministry for an account of the application of their proceeds; to this no answer was given. On Tuesday, on the Indictment Bill, Lord Erskine objected to the clause authorising the Attorney-General on *ex officio* informations, to proceed, without personal notice, to the parties; the Bill, however, went to a Committee on a division of 15 to 6.

On Friday, Lord Grenville brought forward his motion on the Catholic Petition, praying that the Petitioners, in common with the rest of his Majesty's subjects, might be permitted to fill the highest offices in the State, whether military, political, judicial, or civil. His Lordship dwelt largely on the loyalty and patriotism of the Petitioners, and strongly recommended the present time as proper for the proposed concessions. He expatiated on the good which had resulted from the laws already passed in their favour, and argued that Government must have been convinced of their deserving these concessions before they were granted. He further insisted, that as they had done nothing to forfeit that good opinion, it behoved Parliament to do away the further disabilities under which they laboured, and that it was high time they should enjoy all the blessings of a Constitution, for which they were ready to shed their blood. Lord Hawkesbury in reply,

declared he should always feel it his duty to oppose the extension of a religion which denied the supremacy of the Sovereign, and which maintained doctrines contrary to the laws of the land. The question was lost on a division of 161 to 74.

Little passed the succeeding week, except the furtherance of several debated Bills, and other routine business; and on Friday, the 10th of June, the House, by a message from his Majesty, received the communication of the Sicilian Treaty. On Thursday, the 16th of June, whilst the Irish Bank Bill was before the House, Lord Grenville moved, that they should consider of the eligibility of Catholics to the directorship, previous to the renewal of the charter. This question he stated as one which even now admitted of doubt, and he therefore wished, by a reference to the Judges, to ascertain *what* was the existing law. Lord Hawkesbury saw no occasion for this reference, *by the House*, as a Catholic, if chosen by the proprietors, but rejected on account of his religion, might take the necessary steps to settle the question in a court of justice; the question was lost.

Lord Hawkesbury, on Friday, the 17th of June, rose, on the order of the day, for the Local Militia Bill, which he represented as a permanent national system, giving more effect to the Volunteers, and providing for the safety of the country. Lord Moira considered the Volunteers slighted by the Noble Lord's observation, spoke highly of their discipline and patriotism, and considered them much preferable to men raised under the Local System.—Lord Hawkesbury explained in favour of the Volunteers, and the House adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Monday, May the 23d, on a motion for the House going into a Committee on the Sugar Distillery, Mr. Coke opposed the measure, as injurious to the landed interest, and discouraging to agriculture; the question, however, was carried by a majority of 36.

On Wednesday, Sir F. Burdett again called the attention of the House to the decision of the Court of King's Bench, on the late Westminster Election, and stated, that an execution had taken place for the expences, which he considered as infringing the principles of that House. After some discussion, and legal objections, in which all the Law Members coincided, Sir F. left the business to the decision and judgment of the House.

Mr. Grattan, in an argumentative and historical speech, brought forward the Catholic Petitions, stating, that the prayer of their Petition was not for a favour, but for a right.—Mr. Canning approved of the abstract reasoning of the Hon. Member, but did not agree with him in the practical result of his principles. After a long debate, the question was lost by a division of 281 to 128.

On Monday, May the 30th, Mr. Fuller obtained leave to bring in a Bill to prevent the spreading of Small Pox Infection; and on the Local Militia Bill, the clause requiring an oath, with respect to the fine, after some debate, was withdrawn. On Tuesday, Mr. Lushington brought forward his motion respecting the appropriation of the Admiralty Droits to Sir H. Popham. After a minute detail of the life of Sir H. he concluded with moving, that Sir Home had acted contrary to the character of a British subject, and disgraceful to that of a British officer. Sir H. Popham in reply, ably vindicated himself from the aspersions, and the motion was lost.

On Wednesday, in a Committee of Supply, the sum required was stated to be forty-eight millions and a half for Great Britain, and for this the Ways and Means of the year were adequate, with a loan of eight millions, and one million of Exchequer Bills.

On Friday, Mr. Littleton brought up a Bill to expedite Courts Martial, and to prevent undue interference in their proceedings; the measure was much deprecated on general principles, and finally withdrawn.

On Wednesday, June the 8th, Mr. Foster made his report of the Irish Finances, stating their annual expences, and interest of debt in Ireland, to amount to ten millions, whilst the ordinary revenue was not quite five. He observed, that sixty-eight thousands would be advanced this year by the Bank, for their charter, so that a loan of two millions, seven hundred thousand pounds, would be the sum wanted for the Ways and Means. On Friday, the 10th, Mr. Canning presented his Majesty's Message on the Sicilian Treaty; and Mr. Sheridan, after a very spirited speech in favour of Licenced Publicans, withdrew his motion in their favour, on an understanding, that Ministers would take up the measure. On the Local Militia debate, Sir F. Burdett considered the Bill as harrassing and oppressive on the subject, as a measure only of pains and penalties, and totally inadequate for the end proposed. The Secretary at War, in reply, defended the Bill, and the motion was carried, on a division 104 to 28.

On Monday, the 10th of June, on the subject of the India Company's Affairs, the sum of one million and a half was granted for the repayment of expences incurred by them. After some debate on the Sicilian Treaty, the sum of 300,000*l.* was granted for the use of that Monarch.

On Wednesday, Mr. Sheridan made his promised motion respecting the Affairs of Spain; he disclaimed any idea of wishing Ministers to engage in wild and romantic expeditions, at the same time he wished to impress it strongly on the House, that this was a proper time to encourage that enthusiastic spirit, now manifested by the Spanish people. He trusted that Ministers would act decidedly, would act boldly, and in so doing they should have his cordial support. Mr. Canning, in reply, having stated it as the intention of his Majesty's Ministers to afford every assistance to the Spanish Patriots, Mr. Sheridan's specific motion for information was withdrawn. On Friday, Sir T. Turton brought on the Carnatic Question, together with resolutions expressive of the sentiments of the House, against the Marquis of Wellesley. This question, after some debate, was lost by a majority of 97 to 19, and a contrary, and approving resolution passed by the same majority.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4.—Our most gracious and beloved Sovereign completed the 70th year of his age, with the best wishes of every class of his Majesty's subjects, for a long continuance of that life which is deservedly so precious in the estimation of every good subject:

"*Sero in Cœlum redeat!*"

The tower and park guns were fired at noon, as usual; and the morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells and other demonstrations of joy.

Their Majesties received the junior part of the Royal Family at Buckingham House in the morning, where they breakfasted, and congratulated their Royal Parent on the return of the day. Soon after one o'clock, the Queen and the Princesses prepared to leave Buckingham House, and they arrived at St. James's at a quarter past two, escorted by a party of Life Guards. Her Majesty was ushered into the Council Chamber by his Grace the Duke of Portland, with whom she conversed for some time. The Princesses formed, as usual, on the left of the Queen, agreeable to seniority. The Lord Chamberlain waved his wand for the performances of the Ode, under the direction of Sir W. Parsons:—

ODE
FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.
By Henry James Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat.

Not with more joy, when gathering round,
Dark mists the face of Heaven deform;
When howls the wind with hollow sound,
Preluding to the rising storm;
We through the severing clouds descry
Of cheering light a golden gleam,
And hail awhile the clearing sky,
And feel awhile the genial beam;
Than now, when spreading wide and far,
Roars the tremendous peal of war,
We bless of peace and joy the ray,
That gild's the hour of George's Natal Day.

From regions wrapp'd in endless snow,
Eternal Winter's drear domain,
To where Sol's fervid axes glow
Incessant o'er the arid plain,
The Muses look with anxious eye
To see the clouds of discord fly,
That the loud clarion's warlike sound,
Which awes a trembling world, may cease,
And all their tuneful choir around
May strike the lyre to notes of Peace;
The scenes of horror and of death be o'er,
And fell Ambition grasp her iron rod no more.

Vain are their hopes, their vows are vain;
War still protracts his bloody reign;
And when these halcyon hours are past
That lull awhile the stormy blast,
The Muse again, in martial lays,
Must bid her voice the Song of Battle raise;
Must shew that all the joys that smile
On Britain's Heaven-protected Isle,
Call on her Sons with tenfold might
To stem the threatening waves of fight,
Whelm in the ensanguin'd tide their Country's foes,
And guard with giant arm the blessings Heaven bestows.

The performers were Messrs. Sale, Neild, Knyvett, &c. and Mr. Knyvett played the

piana forte. After the performance of the Ode, above thirty persons were presented to her Majesty, who continued conversing with the assembly until near five o'clock, when her Majesty retired.

The Drawing-Room was well attended, and the dresses were particularly beautiful. His Majesty was not present. In the evening the public offices, &c. were illuminated as usual.

COURT DRESSES.

LADIE'S DRESSES.

HER MAJESTY—Was most superbly dressed; a point lace petticoat over a jonquil satin, with diamond draperies, looped with silver cords and tassels, a rich plain silver lace round the bottom; a jonquil brocade robe, trimmed with blond; body and sleeves, stomacher and girdle, of diamonds.—This dress had the most magnificent effect, being ornamented with 100,000*l.* worth of diamonds.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA—A white silver tissue robe, richly worked with gold flowers, with a silver Vandyke trimming round it; sleeves of white point lace, and silver petticoat of white crape, with three silver draperies in *applique*, looped up with silver cords and tassels; a most superb silver border of lilies and *coquilles*.—This dress had a most elegant effect.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH—An amber-coloured sarsnet petticoat, covered completely with a rich silver net, relieved by small silver chains, interspersed with double Narcissus, and ornamented with wreaths of silver oak and cypress; train of amber and silver tissue. Head-dress of diamonds and white feathers.

PRINCESS MARY—A superb dress of silver tissue, richly embroidered with the same; the ground work of the dress, white crape over satin, studded with large silver rings, and terminated with a handsome vermicelli border, with *bouquets* of garden grass, and Guernsey lilies: the right side of the dress a magnificent drapery of silver tissue, with a massy border of foil, shells, fossils, and stones, studded in festoons, from which bunches of oak and acorns were interwoven and suspended; smaller draperies tastefully arranged with handsome borders in scollop shells, formed the *coup d'œil* of this truly elegant and magnificent dress; the whole finished with handsome cords and tassels. Robe, silver tissue, trimmed with Vandyke, silver fringe, point lace and diamonds.

PRINCESS AMELIA—A white sarsnet petticoat, richly striped with gold India embroidery; the draperies on the right side of real gold tissue, richly embroidered in silver, tastefully ornamented with wreaths of Indian fly, supported by sprigs of diamonds; the left side a square drapery to correspond; the bottom of the petticoat richly ornamented with real gold fringe, supported by gold cords and tassels of Indian tissue and gold fringe. Head-dress, a superb gold turban, with diamonds and feathers.

PRINCESS OF WALES—Displayed the elegance of her taste in a superb Court train and petticoat of pink and silver tissue; the train richly embroidered with beautiful coloured foil border and silver bullion, forming vine leaves, corn flowers, and silver shells, interspersed with rich coloured stones; the petticoat fancifully embroidered with coloured foil, and silver scollop border to correspond; the drapery of Brussels point lace, looped up with diamonds, forming rosettes and stars; the body and sleeves ornamented with point lace and diamonds. The head-dress of diamonds and ostrich plumes.

PRINCESS SOPHIA OF GLOUCESTER—White sarsnet petticoat, richly embroidered with silver, and elegantly ornamented with wreaths of ivy and silver tassels.

DUCHESS OF YORK—A white crape petticoat, richly embroidered in Arabic stripes of gold and silver, the ground richly covered with bunches of wheat; train of rich gold tissue, embroidered in silver; the sleeves trimmed with point lace, and looped up with diamonds. Head-dress, a handsome plume of ostrich feathers with diamonds.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

HIS MAJESTY—In the morning, wore his review dress, and in the evening, the Windsor uniform.

PRINCE OF WALES—A full dress Field Marshal's uniform.

DUKE OF YORK—A full dress Field Marshal's uniform, and the Order of the Garter.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—A dress coat of the 2d regiment of Foot Guards.

DUKE OF SUSSEX—In full dress uniform of the North Britain Volunteers.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER—A dress coat of foot guards.

Some days ago, the *four-in-hand* Club, consisting of seven open barouches, with two servants in the rear *dickey* of each, went in procession down to *Epsom*, in order to inspect some favourite horses that were to start at the races! These distinguished *amateurs of the whip* dined together at the Spread Eagle, and having *wet their whistles* in the true *Jehu style*,

they set off for town, when some curious manœuvres of coachmanship were displayed, in one of which the hind wheels of Mr. B——'s vehicle were canted into a ditch; after which, however, the whole cavalcade returned over Westminster-bridge, with only one *broken knee*, and two *cracked pannels*. Lord S——n declined joining in this exhibition.

The subject of the late unhappy elopement is still the prevailing topic in the higher circles, and a variety of stories are in circulation.—Lady B. seems as much the object of pity as of censure, if it be true that she gave her hand at the altar with great reluctance, not on account of an attachment to any individual, but because she was wholly indifferent to the bridegroom. What heightens the sentiment of compassion in her favour is, the report that the husband was known to have a lady under his protection, from whom he had absolutely refused to separate. It is wonderful that a marriage should have taken place under such inauspicious circumstances, and though nothing can justify the dishonourable course which the lady has adopted, yet these circumstances, if truly stated, will but too well account for the unfortunate consequences which have arisen. Among other rumours, it is said that the lady, very shortly after marriage, found a letter from the fair idol of her husband, and an intended answer, full of the tenderest expressions. The wife hastened to her noble father, who advised her to return to her husband, and wait with patience for a happier period. This remedy, however, did not seem so efficacious as that suggested by the gallant, Sir A. P. and unhappily she adopted the latter. The retreat of the fugitives is said to have been discovered by an intercepted letter sent to the discarded waiting-maid, telling her where to go, as her dismission was only a temporary expedient. The maid, in agitation and alarm, carried the letter to the wife's father, but he positively declined to take any part in the unhappy affair. It is impossible to describe the unhappiness that prevails among the friends and relations of all parties, and there can be little doubt that the misguided fair will too soon endure her full portion of the misery that her fatal error has occasioned.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

OXFORD, JUNE 11.—The two prizes given by his Grace the Duke of Portland, Chancellor of the University, were on Monday adjudged to the following gentlemen:—The Bachelor's English Essay, on Hereditary Rank, to Mr. Charles Edward Grey, B. A. of University college, and now Fellow of Oriel college. The Undergraduate's for Latin Verse, and the subject Delphi, to Mr. William Cleaver, Student of Christ church, and son of the Bishop of Ferns, in Ireland.

CAMBRIDGE.—Sir William Browne's medal for the Latin Ode, is this year adjudged to the Hon. Mr. Law, of St. John's college, son of Lord Ellenborough; and that for the Epigrams to Mr. Blomfield, Caius college.

WOBURN SHEEP SHEARING.——Monday morning, June 18, a numerous company of distinguished agriculturists and gentlemen farmers, assembled at the Park Farm, Woburn. The morning was employed in viewing the South Down and Leicester sheep, which were to be sold in the evening. At three o'clock the company repaired to the Abbey, where the utmost conviviality prevailed. Immediately after dinner, the Committee of the Agriculturists of England retired, and soon after returned to the Great Hall, preceded by the large embossed silver salver of plate to be presented to his Grace the Duke of Bedford. The salver being placed on the table before his Grace, the whole company rose, and Lord Somerville addressed him in an appropriate speech, to which the Duke made an animated reply.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.—MORNING.—View of dead Prize Sheep, South Down, and Devon cattle.—Examination of threshing mills and various other implements of husbandry exhibited in the Park Farm-yard for the prize.—Sale of South Down ewes and theaves, some pens of both sorts reaching 3*l.* 15*s.* a head. A numerous body, about three o'clock, were again regaled at a plentiful dinner in the Great Hall. His Grace distributed the several prizes as they were classed, by the adjudications. The judges were, for the Sheep—Lord Somerville, Mr. Boyce, and Mr. ——; for the Ploughs, and Implements of Husbandry—J. C. Curwen, Esq. Rev. H. B. Dudley, and Mr. Howard; for Swine—C. C. Western, Esq. Mr. Ellman, and Mr. T. Crook.

Mr. Wade, the master of the ceremonies at Brighton, has resigned, after a *reign* of upwards of forty years. Mr. Forth, formerly an officer in the dragoon guards, is a candidate to succeed him, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales.

MANCHESTER, MAY 25.—In consequence of the rejection of the Bill for fixing the *minimum* of wages, a very great agitation has been excited amongst the weavers. Yesterday and this day many thousands of them assembled in a field near St. George's Church, and appointed delegates to attend the Magistrates with a statement of their grievances, which they assert arose not so much from a scarcity of employment, as from the unparalleled reduction which the prices of their work have recently experienced. Their employers, on the contrary, insist that, owing to the stagnation of trade, they cannot afford to pay higher prices, and promise to increase them to their wonted standard as soon as a restoration of peace shall enable them. The Magistrates repeatedly requested the people to disperse, and used every possible means to appease them; but as they persisted in their right to assemble, and remained unmoved on the field, the Riot Act was at length read, and the soldiery made several apparently furious charges, merely with a view to enforce compliance, at the same time carefully avoiding any serious injury. Notwithstanding this forbearance, however, the mob persisted, and considerable mischief has been done; one man is killed, and many wounded. About twenty persons have likewise been apprehended, and committed to prison.—Not only our Magistrates and Civil Officers, but the military stationed here, merit every possible praise for their unremitting exertions during this disagreeable dispute. They have, in every instance, displayed the utmost humanity and perseverance, and every thing is at length happily settled.

BIRTHS.

On Thursday, the 5th instant, at the Poorhouse, in Stoke-upon-Trent, Hannah Bourne, a deformed dwarf, measuring only 25 inches in height, was, after a very tedious and difficult labour, safely delivered of a female child of the ordinary size, measuring 21½ inches, being only three inches and a half shorter than the mother.—The child was in every respect perfect, but still-born; the mother, contrary to expectation, is likely to do well. This very singular instance furnishes the Medical World with an extraordinary case, that will throw some additional light on the obstetric art.

The Lady of William Moore, Esq. of Doctor's Commons, of a son.

The Lady of John Robley, Esq. of Russell-square of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Joshua Lewis, of Breadon Heath, to Miss Glover, of Ellesmere. The bridegroom is 17 years of age, and the bride 83!

At Battersea, by the Rev. Charles D. Guiffardiere, Prebend of Salisbury, Thomas Poynder, Esq. junior, of Clapham Common, to Sarah, second daughter of Allen Cooper, Esq. of Upper Gower-street.

At St. James's Church, by the Rev. and Hon. Peirce Meade, Brigadier-General the Hon. Robert Meade, to Miss Dalling, daughter of the late General Sir John Dalling, Bart.

Stafford O'Brien, Esq. eldest son of Henry O'Brien, Esq. of Blatherwick-park, Notts, to Miss Emma Noel, second daughter of G. N. Noel, Esq. of Exton-park, Rutlandshire.

DEATHS.

Lately, at Seaton Delaval, Northumberland, the Right Hon. John Lord Delaval, at an advanced age. His Lordship is succeeded in his estates, which are very large, in Northumberland, Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, by Sir John Astley, member for Yorkshire.

On the 24th ult. the Right Hon. Lady Anne Lumley Sanderson, daughter of Thomas, the third Earl of Scarborough, and aunt to the present Earl of Scarborough, and to Earl Ludlow. Her Ladyship was in her 80th year.

At Llanvon, near Aberystwith, Jeremiah Davies, the Welsh dwarf, aged 58, measuring only 36 inches in height: his person was the perfection of symmetry, which is rarely found in a dwarf.

Lately at Vienna, the Hon. John Theophilus Rawdon, brother to the Earl of Moira.

At Charleston, South Carolina, aged 25, Mr. Woodham, late of Covent Garden Theatre.—He came by his death in an *encore*, where his exertion burst a blood-vessel; after which he survived but a few days.

At Northampton, Lady Chester, relict of the Rev. Sir Anthony Chester, Bart.

HALF FULL DRESSES For July 1808.

Engravd exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 2.—HALF FULL DRESS.—A plain simple dress of India muslin, with an elegant vandyked trimming of lace round the bottom and sleeves, with a footing inserted above of the richest point lace. The dress is made of walking length, moderately long in the waist, with a full frock back, the front square with a mitreing of point inserted round the bosom. The sleeves are longer than formerly, made full, and gathered into a footing of point lace, to correspond with the bottom of the dress. The capuchin cloak is of skyblue sarsnet, edged with a rich footing of point lace, or of the new invented floss silk trimming. The Tyrolese cap is composed of white satin, lace, pearls, and gold net, with variegated tassels of gold and silver bullion, and twist intermixed. Gloves are white, and the shoes of light blue to match the cloak. Ear-rings, large gold hoops.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES' DRESSES FOR JULY.

From the arrangements of the season the half dress, is nearly as rich in lace and ornament, as the full dress of the winter evenings. This naturally arises from the fashionable world being now on the wing for the different watering places, and other usual summer resorts, where the bustle of walking and sailing parties, and all the *enjouements* of the Steyne, the Pantiles, or the Marine Parade, leave little time to the *élégante*, to vary her embellishments in her rapid transitions from the social dinner-party to the library, from thence to the evening ramble, until she concludes the amusements of the day, mingling in the mazes of the dance, or yielding all her soul to harmony in the concert room. As the use of dress is certainly not only to cover but to display the form, the present modes seem completely in point, and in strict classic resemblance of the ancient costume; thus we see that the Palmatia Tunica has been adopted, and in many instances the purple zone displays the symmetry of the form, and gives additional grace to the fashionable elongation of the waist. The modern rage for studying the productions of the old masters, has inspired a considerable portion of taste in the votaries of fashion, as here they see all the elegance of the Italian school, founded upon a judicious imitation of the antique; added to this, there are some attempts to introduce the interesting embellishments of the earlier times of our own country, therefore we have the Queen Mary cap, and the Anna Bullen bonnet, and some of our fashionable wanderers have even adopted the Pilgrim hat, and cockle shell. In these days of gallantry, where then is the beau who would not gladly join in a pilgrimage with such companions, were it to Palestine itself.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—A grass-green coat with covered or metal buttons: white dimity waistcoat; Nankin trowsers and stockings: shoes with strings. Single-breasted coats are by far the most proper and gentlemanly, although many continue to be lappelled. Light pepper and salt mixtures, or a sort of haresback mixture, with plain plated, or plated basket buttons, are equally fashionable: striped quilting waistcoats, single-breasted; and white corduroy breeches are worn with these coats.

FOR EVENING DRESS—Nothing is so prevalent as dark blues and forest greens, double-breasted, with flat full size gilt buttons, and either black velvet collars or collars of the same cloth, according to the fancy of the wearer; white Marseilles quilting waistcoats, single-breasted, are almost exclusively worn; Indian Nankin, or very light coloured kerseymere breeches, with covered buttons and silk strings.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES FOR JULY.

The light simplicity of the modern male attire forms a striking contrast with the more variegated brilliancy of the female costume; and the *beau garçon*, by this studied plainness, is at all times ready to attend the *élégante*, either as the companion of her ramble, or her partner in the ball-room; should the soft summer gales even tempt her to an aquatic excursion, the trowsered *beau* is soon equipped *en matelot*, and prepared *to do the honours* of the ocean.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

ASCOT RACES.—On Tuesday the 21st, all the sporting and fashionable world yet remaining in town, were attracted to Ascot, by the expectation of excellent sport, nor were they disappointed. At one the royal stand was completely filled by a crowd of beauty waiting to see the Royal Party who arrived at half-past one, consisting of her Majesty and four of the Princesses, attended by Ladies Bulkeley, Cardigan and Waldegrave. The Prince and Royal Dukes of York and Cumberland were also present, with the Duke of Gordon, Marquis Cornwallis, Lord Barrymore, &c. A great number of ladies were also present, among which we noticed the Countesses of Chatham and Camden, Lady Castlereagh, &c. &c. Two marquees were pitched near the royal stand, with tables and refreshments, by order of the Marquis Cornwallis, to which the royal party retired for a short time, and afterwards gratified the loyal crowd, by driving round the course. The first race was for his Majesty's plate of 100*l.* and was won by Mr. Shackel's Felton; but in the second race for a sweepstakes, much disappointment ensued from the Duke of York's Nymphina bolting when nearly at the winning post, and immediately after she fell. The odds were seven to four in favour of Nymphina, but from this accident the race was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's bay filly—by half a length. A sweepstakes was next run for and won by Mr. Ladbroke's Corsican; and the sport was kept up till late by several other good matches.

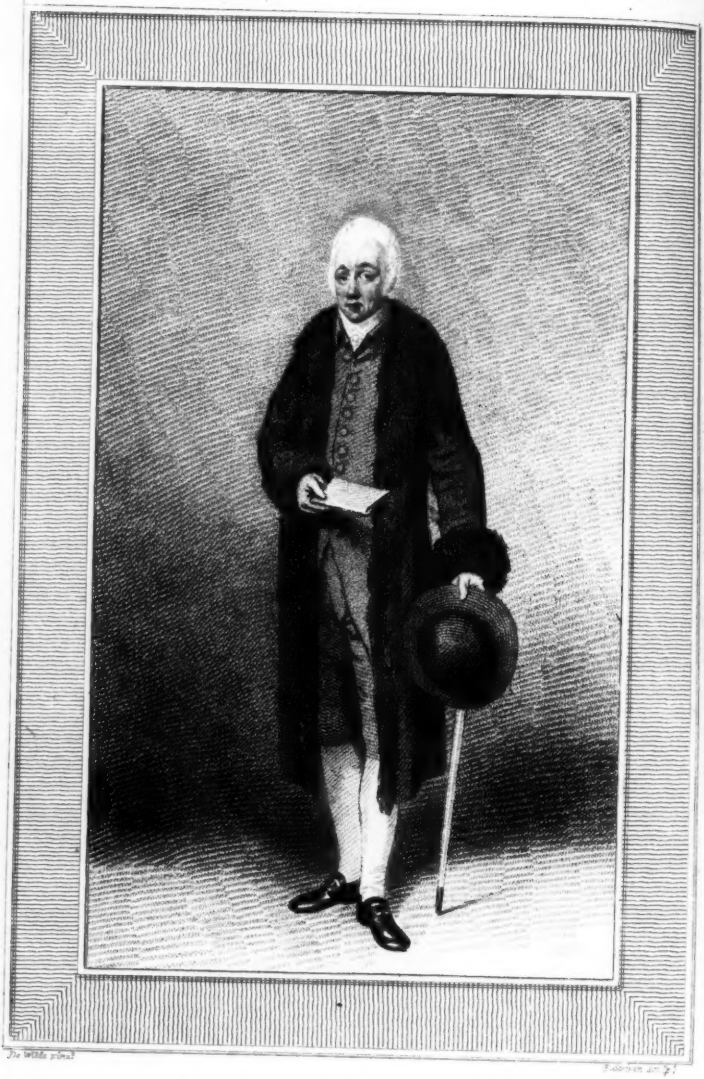
On the second day, his Royal Highness the Duke of York's plate of 50 guineas, was won by Sir John Honeywood's Hawke; and the Swinley Stakes, by Lord Egremont's Election. A Sweepstakes was next run for and won by Mr. Fermor's colt Bantam, beating the favourites Delville and Hedley.

The following remarkable circumstance took place at Epsom races:—Lord Foley's Comrade, by Stamford, won the three 50*l.* plates, viz. on Wednesday, at four 2-mile heats, on Thursday and Friday, at three 2-mile heats each, against different horses each day: a performance never before equalled in the annals of racing.

TROTTING MATCH.—It has been made known, that a horse, the property of Mr. Progers, which a few weeks since was sold for seven guineas, was backed to trot seventeen miles in the hour. The distance has very rarely been performed, although the wonderful mare called the Phenomena, once did nineteen miles within an hour. The stake for this match was two hundred and fifty pounds to one hundred. The horse started with a seven stone jockey, on the 18th of June, at eight o'clock in the morning, at Hollesgreen, Herts, to go over some picked ground. The animal went half the distance, in two minutes above half the time, but beginning to lag, the match was lost after fourteen miles were performed in 42 minutes.

BOXING.—The battle between Dockarty, of pugillistic note, and a Scots Baker, of the name of Peatiken, the former having been backed 40 guineas to 20 against his adversary, was decided at Goolder's Green, in the presence of a miscellaneous company of several hundreds, from the Duke, Marquis, and Lord, down to the Costermongers and Kids of the Metropolis. The combatants set to at one o'clock, and bettings were seven to four on Dockarty. It would not gratify even the amateur to detail the rounds of the battle, for although Dockarty evidently was not in fighting condition, his adversary never gave a turn to the betting. Dockarty had something the best of the first round after the Baker had made play, and the second round also ended very materially in Dockarty's favour. The combatants rallied in this round and exchanged hits, and whilst thus contending Dockarty took most of the fight out of his adversary, by a well-planted hit at length on the baker's head, which dropped him dexterously. Bets were offered three to one, and this odds was never lessened during the combat. Peatiken often hit his adversary, but his blows even in vigour, were inoffensive. He appeared before Dockarty (who never fought so bad) a greater novice than even those novices he had beaten appeared before him, and in the latter rounds of the battle he shewed some currish manœuvres. The Baker gave in after fighting three quarters of an hour, without taking any material harm, and if not entirely to the satisfaction of his friends, he displayed more judgment than he had done in any part of the combat. As the day was fixed on for *elegant* pastime so it finished with the baiting of a bull.

A female Antelope, which was brought with its mate from Tripoli, by the Hon. Capt. Boyle, fawned about two months since at Cowdry-Park, Hants, the seat of W. S. Poyntz, Esq. and the fawn and its mother are doing well. This is believed to be the first instance of the Antelope's fawning in this country.



Mr. MATHEWS. AS INDEX.

An Appeal to your Compassions; a tale of Misery.

The World. Act 2nd

Pubd & Published by Wm. J. K. Bell & D. Kemp, M. Catherine St. Strand. July 1. 1803.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

THE LIFE OF MR. MATHEWS, OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Mr. MATHEWS was born in the year 1776. The late Mr. Mathews, his father, was an eminent bookseller in the Strand, and sent his son to Merchant Taylors' School. Being a man of remarkably strict opinions in all matters relating to religion, he conceived a dislike to dramatic exhibitions, and never permitted his son to indulge himself in a theatre. Perhaps this very circumstance unconsciously influenced Mr. Charles Mathews in the selection of his profession. For whether from the love of liberty, which is said to be inherent in the human mind, and which rejects every thing like restraint by instinctive impulse, or whether from a certain perverseness of temper that makes us ardently seek what we are forbidden to possess, or whether from a curiosity which leads us to imagine some undefinable, but delicious sweets in that which we have not yet explored, certain it is, that upon most minds contradiction is irksome, whatever be its necessity, and as young people seldom give themselves time to deliberate upon the propriety of restraint, it is sufficient for them to feel that it is restraint, and they rush into any extreme in order to escape from it.

It happened that, at an evening school in the Strand, to which the young gentleman went for the purpose of learning French, a proposal was made for getting up a private play. He had long been in the habit of devouring, with ardour, all the dramatic works that came within his reach, and had filled his fancy with a thousand brilliant ideas about the charms which the drama, so delightful even in the closet, must needs possess when all its passions started from the canvas into life, and all its narrative assumed the air of action. He embraced the proposal of his school-fellows with the utmost ardour, and they determined to represent the tragedy of *The Distressed Mother*.

Accordingly *The Distressed Mother* was acted in the first floor of a pastry-cook's shop in the Strand, and Mr. Mathews made his appearance, in the character of *Phœnix*. The following winter he acted in the tragedy of *The Orphan*. And now his mind was so hotley inflamed with the glowing sensations of theatrical ambition, that the stage was the only pursuit to which he could devote his thoughts. Whenever he could find means of attending the theatre, he was to be found within its walls; whenever he had an opportunity of performing in a private play, he was among the most zealous of the actors. He happened to see Mr. Parsons play *Old Doiley*, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe*, and determined upon that cast of character, as the most completely suited, not only to his inclination, but to his physical powers.

In the autumn of 1793, he began his public career. At the Richmond Theatre he made his first appearance, where he played the characters of *The Earl of Richmond*, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *King Richard the Third*, and of *Boukitt*, in the farce of *The Son-in-Law*. He made a professional excursion to Canterbury, and then engaged himself as a low comedian, to Mr. Daly, the Manager of the Dublin Theatre. In June 1794, he appeared in Dublin, and was extremely successful in the characters of *Jacob Gawkey*, in Miss Lee's comedy of *The Chapter of Accidents*, and of *Lingo*, in the farce of *The Agreeable Surprize*. But Mr. Daly had engaged him to act a cast of characters which are in the theatres, denominated the walking gentleman; and as these parts afford no opportunities for the display of any kind of talent, Mr. Mathews did not much increase his reputation by the performance of them.

He quitted Dublin, at the end of eighteen months, after enduring a great deal of disagreeable treatment, from Mr. Daly; and having embarked for London, was, by contrary winds, driven on the coast of Wales. He saw a play at Swansea, and proposed to perform. His offer was accepted, and in October, 1795, he played *Lingo*, at the Swansea Theatre. His reception was extremely favourable: he was engaged, and continued for a long while the principal low-comedian, with Mr. Masterman, the Manager of the Carmarthen, Monmouth, and Cardiff Theatres.

When Mr. Emery was engaged at Covent Garden, Mr. Mathews became his successor at York; and in 1798, he appeared there as *Silky*, in Mr. Holcroft's comedy of *the Road to Ruin*, and as *Lingo* in the farce. He remained there till May, 1803, when Mr. Colman, who had encountered many difficulties in his arrangements with the actors of the winter theatres, put in execution his plan of selecting the best performers from the country companies. He engaged Mr. Mathews, as one of the most eminent, and Mr. Mathews, on the 16th of May, made his first appearance in London, at the Hay-market theatre. On this occasion, he played *Jabel*, in Mr. Cumberland's comedy of *The Jew*, and his own favourite character of *Lingo*. He soon became popular, and in the following winter was engaged by the proprietors of Drury-lane theatre, where he still continues to perform in the winter with general approbation, devoting his summers to the service of his old patron, Mr. Colman.

In his private life he is a gentleman of respectable and amiable character. His generosity and delicate kindness to some unfortunate members of his own profession have proved the solid benevolence of his heart: and the general good-humour and conciliation of his manners have rendered him particularly popular in society. In society, indeed, he is a man most eminently qualified to shine: he possesses convivial talents so versatile, and in their versatility so highly amusing, that his name is a sufficient attraction to any party which he can be persuaded to join. His imitations of the principal actors in the London theatres are the most remarkable efforts of his skill in the entertainment of his friends. His imitations of the tragic actors are not perhaps equal to his comic copies: probably because long habits of comedy have rendered it difficult for him to assume that lofty air which is worn by most of our principal tragedians. But he has one great excellence, which few men of versatile talents possess. Most versatile exhibitors do every thing tolerably, but no one thing so well as not to be surpassed by some more confined genius, who has directed his attention solely to that one. Mr. Mathews does nothing ill, and does a great deal as well as any known imitator, if not better. Indeed many of his imitations may be justly termed *fac similes*.

Nor are Mr. Mathews's imitations, as most imitations are, mere copies of the tones of actors in particular passages of plays. He seasons all the defects of those whom he copies with the pepper and salt of his own invention, and connects his imitations by a story in which the mind as well as the manner of the person imitated, is most happily and distinctly displayed. In short, it has been the singular merit of Mr. Mathews to unite the excellencies that hitherto have always been separate, and combine originality with imitation.

It is not necessary to dwell upon his tales, his specimens of ventriloquy, his songs, and the other arts of entertainment which he so conspicuously possesses: but the readers of *Le Beau Monde* will probably have been disappointed, if nothing had been said of his imitative powers which have been so much celebrated.

In the year 1799, Mr. Mathews married Miss Strong, of Exeter, who died in 1802. He afterwards became the husband of the pretty and interesting Miss Jackson, a pupil of Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Crouch. Mrs. Mathews, before her marriage, was a musical actress in the York company, and is now engaged both at Drury-lane and at the Hay-market.

The frontispiece that accompanies these memoirs, represents Mr. Mathews as *Index*, in Mr. Kenney's excellent Comedy of *The World*. In the last number of our Magazine, we gave a portrait of Mr. Bannister, as *Echo*, in the same play: but want of room prevented us at that time from entering into any discussion of the merits of the Comedy itself. We are glad to have an opportunity of repairing that omission.

The principal characters are thus represented:—

Cheviot	Mr. Elliston.
Echo	Mr. Bannister.
Withers	Mr. Wroughton.
Index	Mr. Mathews.
Subtle	Mr. Wewitzer.
Social	Mr. Purser.
Loiter	Mr. De Camp.
Dauntless	Mr. Palmer.
Margin	Mr. Maddocks.
Lady Bloomfield	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Barclay	Mrs. Powell.
Eleanor Barclay	Miss Boyce.

The title of this comedy is derived from the sacrifices which throughout the presented action and the narration, have been and are made by the principal characters at the shrine of popular prejudice and mischievous fashion. A *Mr. Davenant*, a man of fortune in Northum-

berland, has maintained a boy, named *Cheviot*, without allowing the lad to visit him. He has afterwards placed *Cheviot* with one *Subtle*, a mercantile speculator; but the practices of this *Subtle* have been so uncongenial to the ingenuous nature of *Cheviot*, that he has disdained to continue in the employment of such a teacher. His pride has withheld him from making any further application to *Mr. Davenant*, and he has become an author. A disturbance has taken place at the opera, and he has rescued, from a very unpleasant situation, a fashionable widow, named *Lady Bloomfield*. *Echo* is a young man of an honest heart and good principles; but possessing little resolution, he has been frequently hurried into indiscretions of a ridiculous and even blameable nature. He has a habit of imitating the airs of all the coxcombs with whom he associates, and for fear of the jeers of his fashionable friends, has neglected and disavowed in her adversity, a *Miss Barclay*, whom he tenderly and honourably loved. He has just arrived in town, in order to commence business, and woo the rich and fascinating *Lady Bloomfield*. At this period of the story the action of the play commences. *Lady Bloomfield*, understanding that *Cheviot* is in pecuniary embarrassments, sends him a bank note in a letter signed with the name of the Goddess Fortune; and with this money, instead of settling his own affairs, he generously relieves the distresses of *Mrs.* and *Miss Barclay*, the former of whom is a prisoner in the King's Bench. This purpose he delicately effects by purchasing, in the shop of *Margin* the bookseller, a volume of manuscript sermons which *Eleanor Barclay* has come thither to sell. *Cheviot* and *Echo* are both admirers of *Lady Bloomfield*, and this rivalship occasions *Echo*, at the instigation of his idle companions, *Dauntless* and *Loiter*, to speak with some degree of acrimony to *Cheviot*; but the latter makes a strong attack upon the good feelings of Echo, who, by this remonstrance and by some concurring circumstances, is brought back to a sense of his duty, shakes off his worthless acquaintances, and, repenting of all his errors, is restored to the object of his early attachment, the amiable *Eleanor Barclay*. A gentleman, calling himself *Withers*, has been very anxious to discover *Cheviot*; and by the assistance of *Index*, who is a good-natured walking Directory, he finds the poet, and hears him inveigh in general terms against the cruelty of the parents who can be induced to abandon their children. At last, stung with a sense of his own misconduct, *Withers* acknowledges that he is *Mr. Davenant*, and father of *Cheviot*; whom, for fear of the World, he has never avowed as his son. *Mrs. Barclay* confesses herself to be *Cheviot's* mother, seduced in early life by *Davenant*. She had by appointment left the child on the Cheviot Hills, whence it was taken and supported by *Davenant*, and since her seduction had married and become a widow. She now receives honourable amends in a union with *Davenant*. The proud poverty of *Cheviot* occasions some little obstacles to his union with *Lady Bloomfield*, and *Lady Bloomfield*, in her turn is somewhat disconcerted by suspicions of an attachment between him and *Eleanor*; but the explanations that place *Cheviot* in good circumstances, and prove him to be the brother of *Miss Barclay*, effectually remove every species of difficulty, and her Ladyship, with the consent of *Mr. Social*, her father, is united to the high-spirited poet. The piece concludes with a confession, that the approbation of our consciences is not to be put in competition with the insignificant and perpetually unjust opinions of "The World!"

The author of this comedy is known in the literary circles by several other works of great eminence which he has produced. Among these are the very successful afterpieces of *Ella Rosenberg*, *Matrimony*, and *Raising the Wind*: the last of which may justly be pronounced the best farce of late date, as *The World* is conspicuously the best comedy.

Some persons have supposed, from the internal evidence which the structure of this comedy appears to carry, that it has been taken from the French. One of the arguments adduced in support of this hypothesis, is the quiet nature of the plot, which has a lack of incident by no means uncommon on the French stage. Another is the circumstance of *Lady Bloomfield's* being a widow: for in the French plays all the ladies who are to take at all an active part are necessarily either married women or widows, because young women before they are provided with husbands, were always, according to the old regime retained in a strictness of deportment as unnecessary as their relaxation after marriage was immoral. But for our own parts we are not inclined to think that the play is all taken from the French, though that single character of *Lady Bloomfield* may possibly have been derived from a foreign source. We are rather induced to believe that Mr. Kenney has availed himself of Miss Burney's admirable novel of Cecilia: for in three or four of the characters of his comedy, we think we can trace a

similarity strong enough to prove that Mr. Kenney's train of thinking must have been suggested by a perusal of that novel. The character of *Albany*, in *Cecilia*, appears to have furnished the ideas for two of the personages in this play. *Albany* is a man who goes about in rather a mysterious way, warning people of their dangers, and admonishing them of their faults and follies: at the same time that he embraces every opportunity of doing good in a manner more generally acceptable than admonitions, by becoming the almoner of rich and generous people. In this play, *Mr. Davenant*, under his assumed name of *Withers*, acts as a mysterious monitor both to *Echo* and to *Cheviot*; and *Index* makes out the remainder of *Albany's* character, by distributing with eagerness the charities of *Lady Bloomfield*. In *Cecilia* there are an author, his mother, and his sister, all named *Belfield*: so there are in the comedy of *The World*. The characters of *Mrs. Belfield* and of *Mrs. Barclay* are, it is true, remarkably different: but the chief characteristics equally of *Young Belfield* and of *Cheviot* are genius and pride: which in both cases are attended with poverty. *Miss Belfield* in the novel, and *Miss Barclay* in the play, are characters almost exactly similar. There seems to have been some recollection of the name of *Belfield* in Mr. Kenney's mind when he called his heroine *Bloomfield*. If our readers should not agree with us that the characters of the comedy appear to have been borrowed from the characters of the novel, at least they must acknowledge that there has been a very remarkable coincidence between the ideas of Miss Burney and those of Mr. Kenney.

Nor do we dwell upon these circumstances with any view of detracting from the praise that Mr. Kenney has earned by the composition of this play. We were among its earliest, and still continue to be among its sincerest admirers. A play does not lose its claims to originality by being discovered to be borrowed from a novel. A comedy may just as fairly be taken rom a novel, as a tragedy may be taken from a history. Nobody ever yet said that *Henry the Fourth* was not an original play, because the *Prince of Wales* did really kill *Harry Hotspur*: and it is equally unjust in any body to deny that what appears in the dialogue of a comedy is not original, because the foundation of the dialogue itself was a narrative in a novel published long before. But it is impossible to say how far the nonsensical accusations of plagiarism will not be carried in our day. Somebody tells a story of a lady, who declared that a poem was destitute of originality, and proved her assertion by demonstrating that every single word of that which the poet pretended to call his own, was to be found in Dr. Johnson's dictionary.

The principal fault of this comedy is the want of incident. It has now for so many years been the custom of authors, to furnish a rapid succession of striking incidents, that no writer can expect to be thought very entertaining who does not provide his audience with such a treat. We are not eager to undervalue the merit of incident. Aristotle has said that the fable is the greatest point of the play: and fable without incident may be elegantly written, may be wittily enlivened, may be interestingly related; but elegance, humour, and pathos of composition are not the kinds of elegance, humour, and pathos, that we want upon the stage: upon the stage, narrative is out of place, and composition is ineffective: incident is the grand object. Our readers, however, are not to understand that the Comedy of which we are speaking is destitute of incident; we only regret that an author, who, both in this comedy and in his farce of *Raising the Wind*, has given proofs so incontrovertible of his skill in the construction of incident, should not have gratified his audience with a little more of that which would have given so much pleasure to them with so little trouble to himself.

But though there be a defect in the construction of this comedy as far as the want of incident is concerned, certainly the play has other merits of a nature infinitely superior to any of the analagous parts of the best modern comedies, with the single exception of *The Honey Moon*. There is a vein of satire which runs through almost the whole of the play, and which applies with peculiar felicity to the fashionable follies of the age in which we live. The illustrations are always ingenious and diverting, and some of them have a sudden whimsicality which pleases even ill-nature itself. No fulsome patriotism glares in gaudy vulgarity through these scenes; and there is no influx of wretched puns. Where Mr. Kenney has thought fit to joke, he has generally made his auditors think fit to like his jokes: and the humour of this play is a striking lesson to modern authors, that may teach them how much is to be effected by real wit, even in these days of grossness and buffoonery. The style of the sentiments is equally meritorious. There is no bombast, no swelling sententiousness, no affectation of simile, no inversion of phraseology; all is that sustained system of equal ele-

gance which though, perhaps, it never did exist for an hour together, even in the most cultivated society, yet never rises so much above the level of nature, that any two or three sentences might not have been spoken in any tolerably well informed circles.

The characters are well imagined, and drawn with spirit. They are all natural, and those of *Echo* and *Dauntless* are, we believe, completely new.

Mr. Elliston's performance of *Cheviot* is entitled to very high commendation. He is an actor eminently calculated to succeed in a part like *Cheviot*, requiring no profound study, no nice delineation of passion. As far as ease and the practice of the stage, a lively humour, and no natural feeling can carry an actor, Mr. Elliston unquestionably proceeds: and if there are some men who play better than Mr. Elliston, it is because Mr. Elliston plays oftener than any other man. We wish he would leave off acting tragedy altogether. He is so fond of his weak point, that he often introduces a tragic style into the midst of his comedy: and if his performance of *Cheviot* has any fault, it is the pompous gravity with which he sometimes diversifies his manner. He seems now and then to think that he is playing *Penruddock*.

Of Mr. Bannister's excellence in the character of *Echo*, we spoke so fully in the last Number of our Magazine, that it is unnecessary for us here to do more than to refer our readers to the account we have there inserted.

Mr. Mathews is the representative of the benevolent *Index*. His whole manner has an air of venerable cheerfulness and healthy old age, which are perfectly adapted to the part he plays. He is particularly to be praised in a scene where he discovers *Cheviot* in *Lady Bloomfield's* house, and in a scene where he comes to invite *Cheviot* to meet the *Barclays*. In the former scene his merit consists in the suspicious chuckle of his address to *Lady Bloomfield*, and in the latter he is to be admired for the impatient and yet good-natured pettishness with which he argues against the fiery young poet.

The *Dauntless* of Mr. Palmer, is just what it should be: an impudent, bullying, vulgar, puppy, who sticks to his acquaintance as indefatigably as a cur, and is as little welcome.—This character we should perhaps have thought a little overdrawn, if it had not been our misfortune to meet a person of whose faults *Mr. Dauntless* is but a faint imitator.

Mr. De Camp's *Loiter* is good too. The lounging carelessness of the character is well expressed by this improving performer.

Mrs. Powell's *Mrs. Barclay*, like most of Mrs. Powell's performances, has a great deal of feeling. But the part is too insignificant for her talents.

Miss Boyce is very interesting in *Eleanor*.—She has an unaffected sweetness, and a modest elegance, which is very seldom found in actresses of the second class. These merits are not a little assisted by the beauty of her person: and the mild lustre of her dark eyes is shaded, not destroyed, by that sensibility which she evinces in the pathetic situations of the character.

Mrs. Jordan plays *Lady Bloomfield*: and we think that she plays it without advantage either to herself or to the play. The truth is, that Mrs. Jordan, in spite of all the puffs that the Newspapers have been pouring forth in her favour, the whole of the winter, is totally unfit for genteel comedy. Those tones which delight us in the rustic *Nell*, shock us in the well-bred *Lady Bloomfield*: for though fine ladies are in fact very often as coarse as dairy-maids, yet a fine lady upon the stage should not be coarse. A fine lady upon the stage should be rather what a fine lady in real life ought to be, than what a fine lady in real life generally is.

Mr. Mathews plays principally the old gentlemen, the bustling servants, and the pert coxcombs. In the performance of quiet old gentlemen, where broad mirth is not required so much as a general effect of comedy, cheerful rather than farcical, Mr. Mathews is, perhaps, the most perfect actor on the English stage.—He never betrays his real youth by exaggerating his assumed age, and by not attempting to be forwardly effective in particular passages, he sustains the whole of a character with an equability which is rarely to be found among the best actors. Mr. Mathews plays other ancient characters where greater degrees of mental and bodily weakness than are common in the drama, appear to have been particularly intended by the author, such as *Keeksy*, in *The Irish Widow*, and *Foresight*, in Congreve's comedy of *Love for Love*. In these parts, as Mr. Parsons is now no more, Mr. Mathews certainly holds the highest rank.

In the representation of bustling servants, he is not so eminently calculated to succeed. These characters require a breadth of comic effect which Mr. Mathews does not very often produce. To this declaration, the part of *Risk*, in *Love laughs at Locksmiths*, is the only exception that we can at present remember.

But it is on those characters of pert coxcombry which for two or three years past Mr.

Mathews has been acting, that we are chiefly inclined to ground our high opinion of his comic talents.

In this dearth of theatrical foppery, for Mr. Liston had not then stamped his reputation in the performance of fops, Mr. Mathews made his appearance as *Lawyer Verdict*, in the Comedy of *Errors Excepted*. He was like a real fop, because he was quite unlike the fops of the stage. Though he preserved his usual contempt of mummery, grimace, and caricature, he managed to make this little part the most remarkable character of the play; and threw into it a switchy, stinging manner, that to us was the more delightful, because it was now for the first time essayed. The representation resembled nothing so much as spruce beer; which, though totally without body, yet twinges the nose, and sparkles as it froths. In this style of excellence he is still unrivalled.

Mr. Mathews has a degree of timidity which we hope a little further practice before London audiences will enable him to overcome. Some persons have said that Mr. Mathews is a better actor in the summer than in the winter. The truth seems to be, that when he acts in the Haymarket theatre, which is the case in the summer, this timidity is not so powerful in its operation upon his mind as it is in his performances at Drury Lane in the winter. The audiences are very different. Many of the principal people are out of town in the summer, and of course the spectators at the Haymarket are less terrible to an actor. The surrounding actors are considerably inferior to the actors in Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and the consciousness of a great pre-eminence assists the confidence of every exhibitor. The Haymarket theatre is much smaller than either of the other play-houses, and all the minute powers of an actor are of course beheld to much greater advantage.

The influence of this timidity is not only embarrassing to the actor, but puzzling to the critic. It is difficult to determine on the science of a very timid actor. It sometimes happens that his heart will fail him just as he is about to execute a lively conception, for fear that conception should be deemed by the audience misplaced or unnatural. That which is most effective when it has been tried, is often the most alarming before it is executed; and where a stroke of humour is to be executed, alarm is, of all things in the world, the greatest drawback. Nor indeed is there any foundation for alarm, when the principles of the art are once understood by the actor. Certain causes must produce certain effects upon all audiences; for, though it is impossible to calculate an effect for the taste of any particular individual, whose feelings or caprices may vary from the general sensation of human nature, yet where a great number of individuals are collected together in a theatre, a well concerted effect, built upon general principles, must have its reward from the majority of the spectators. And here we are not speaking of a well concerted effect as exactly synonymous with fine acting: because fine acting is not always the most effective acting. We mean to say only, that an actor who has once possessed himself of a thorough science in effects, need never be frightened into flatness, nor damped in the execution of the most original conception: except only at the beginning of his career in London, or on the first night of a new play. On those occasions success can never be certain: for the minds of the audience are completely balanced between approbation and dislike, and while a lucky plaudit, on the one hand, may induce a series of brilliant successes, and unfortunately a capricious hiss on the other may blast the fairest flowers of the fancy, and turn the most excellent conceptions to disagreeable, and even disgusting effects. Yet even here there is a degree of science. Some actors are always so much in possession of themselves, that they can feel the pulse of the audience, and check themselves if they find disapprobation preponderating, or increase their efforts when satisfaction appears to prevail. These are the actors whom all authors are most desirous to have in their plays on the first performances.

Whether Mr. Matthews then be really an actor of science or not, it is difficult for us to determine. We think not: but we acknowledge that it is possible for timidity to obscure and completely conceal an actor's science. This at last we may venture to say; that an actor so generally and so deservedly a favourite as Mr. Matthews has now become, can have but little occasion for any alarm.